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### THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

ABOUT the middle of the last century a murderer was condemned to suffer death by the sword, at a town in western Normandy; and, on the morning of the execution, two senior pupils of the Jesuit-seminary went, by permission of their superiors, to view a spectacle of rare occurrence in that province. The cordial intimacy subsisting between these youths had long been a problem, both to their teachers and schoolfellows. So widely different, indeed, were they in appearance and character, and so harshly did the ferocity and cunning of the one contrast with the pure and gentle habits of the other, that they were called the "Wolf and the Lamb."

The older of them, named Bartholdy, was a native of Strasburg, tall and robust in person, but high-shouldered, stooping, and in dress and gait slovenly and clownish. His yellow visage was deeply furrowed with the smallpox, and his remarkably large and staring eyes, which were of a pale and milky blue, indicated a dullness bordering on imbecility. This appearance, however, was belied by his habitual cunning, and by the dexterity with which he often contrived to exculpate himself under criminatory circumstances. His spreading jawbones, large mouth, and coarsely-moulded lips, truly betokened his proneness to sensual gratifications; and the collective expression of his forbidding features was so remarkable, that a single glance sufficed

to fix it in the memory forever. It was rumored in the seminary, that this youth had been sent by his friends to a school so remote from Strasburg in consequence of some highly culpable irregularities; and certainly these rumors were justified by occasional instances of wolfish ferocity and deliberate duplicity, for which he was severely, but vainly, punished.

Florian, the friend of Bartholdy, although nearly of the same age, was shorter by the head. His figure was slender and elegant—his countenance eminently prepossessing and ingenuous. His complexion was of that pure red and white, through which every fitting emotion is instantaneously legible. His hazel eyes sparkled with intelligence; locks of glossy chesnut curled round his fair and open forehead; and there was about his lips and smile a winning grace, which, at maturer age, would have been thought too feminine. Although not regularly handsome, there was in his form and features that harmonious configuration which is termed beauty of character, and which, when accompanied by the correspondent moral graces of gentleness and refinement, often lays a more enduring hold of the affections than beauty of a more dignified and masculine order. An habitual and blushing timidity of address, of which he was painfully conscious, made him shrink from a free and general intercourse with his fellow pupils. He had few

friends, because his bashful habits had made him fastidious and reserved ; but his gentle and unassuming deportment, and the invariable sweetness of his temper, endeared him to the few who had penetration enough to discern his real merits,—and so far recommended him to all, that the existence of an enemy was impossible.

Thus widely opposite in physical and moral attributes were Florian and Bartholdy ; and yet, so cordial appeared their attachment, so incessant was their intercourse, that the presiding Jesuits could only solve this psychological enigma by conjecturing that Bartholdy, whose fierce temper and great bodily strength made him detested, and shunned by every other boy, had found in the gentle sympathies of the unspoiled and credulous Florian a relief, which long habit had made essential to him. It is probable, too, that the often guilty and ever equivocal Bartholdy had found a protecting influence in the warm adherence of one whose purity of mind and character were universally acknowledged. His specious reasoning rarely failed to convince the confiding Florian that he was unjustly accused, and on several occasions he was screened from well-merited punishment by the favorable testimony of a friend whose veracity was above all suspicion.

Florian, on the other hand, was flattered by the consciousness of his power to protect one so much feared by all but himself, and whom he thought unjustly persecuted. He was bound to him also by the tie of gratitude, for the protection which he derived from the size and strength of Bartholdy when insulted or aggrieved in the quarrels which so often occur in large seminaries. Gradually, however, this exclusive intercourse with one so generally detested, alienated from Florian the good-will of his schoolfellows. Even the few who had most esteemed him, now shunned his society ; and the two friends, finding themselves excluded from all participation in the sports and feelings of others, became more than ever essen-

tial to each other. This enduring intimacy of two beings so opposite had been long watched by the Jesuits who conducted the establishment ; but, with their wonted sagacity, they forbore to check this singular friendship ; not, however, in the hope of any amelioration in the habits of Bartholdy, but with a view to learn from the unqualified sincerity of Florian, what the duplicity of the other would have concealed. Hoping that the trying spectacle of a public execution would make a salutary impression upon the hitherto callous feelings of Bartholdy, the reverend fathers had permitted him and his friend to be present on this awful occasion. Florian, who, at the urgent and often repeated entreaties of Bartholdy, had applied for this permission, followed him with reluctant steps, and a heart beating with terror, and was prevented only by the jeers and remonstrances of his companion from running back to school, and burying his head under his bedclothes, until the rush of the excited multitude, and the deep rolling of the drums and deathbells, had ceased. As usual, however, his complying temper yielded to the persuasion of his plausible and reckless friend, with whom he gained an elevated station, and so near the scaffold as to enable them to discern the features of the hapless criminal. Florian saw him kneel before the headsman ; the broad weapon glittered in the sunbeams, and the assumed firmness of the trembling gazer utterly failed him. An ashy paleness overspread his features ; his joints shook with terror ; and closing his eyes, he saved himself from falling by clinging to the arm of Bartholdy, who, with unshaken nerves, opened to their full extent his large dull eyes, and glutted his savage curiosity by gazing with intense eagerness on the appalling scene. In a few seconds the severed head fell upon the scaffold ; the headsman's assistant, grasping the matted locks, held it aloft to the gazing crowd ; and Bartholdy exclaimed, with heartless indifference, "Come along, Florian ! 'tis all over,

and capitally done ! I would bet a louis that you saw nothing, and yet your face looks as white as if it had left your shoulders. Be more a man, Florian. If thus daunted at the sight of another's execution, how would you face your own, if destined to mount the scaffold ? ”

“ Face my own ! ” exclaimed Florian, shuddering at the suggestion. “ God forbid ! I shall take good care to avoid it. ”

“ Say not so, ” rejoined Bartholdy ; “ no man can avoid his doom ; and it may be yours or mine to die upon the scaffold. *Avoid it*, indeed ! I wish from my soul that you had never uttered those unlucky words. How often do the very evils we most carefully shun, fall upon our devoted heads. My mind has been long made up to avoid nothing ; and, soon as I become my own master, I will throw myself on the world, and grapple with it boldly. *Avoid your destiny*, indeed ! Beware of using those words again ; for, trust me, Florian, they bode no good to you. ”

The timid Florian felt his blood freeze as he listened ; but, recollecting himself, he was about to express his perfect reliance upon the integrity of his life and principles, when he shuddered with new dismay as he recollected the judicial murder of Calas, and considered the complexities of human and circumstantial evidence. In deep and silent dejection, he walked homeward with his friend. He felt as if his existence had been blighted by some sudden and dreadful calamity ; and even fancied that he saw his future fate rising before him in storm and darkness, through which menacing images were indistinctly shadowed. Bartholdy, meanwhile, appeared as much exhilarated as if returning from a comedy, and amused himself with making sarcastic and ludicrous remarks upon the saddened countenances of the returning spectators.

The lapse of several months gradually weakened the strong hold which the execution, and the strange comments of Bartholdy, had laid upon the

imagination of Florian ; but they tended to increase the timid indecision of his character, and induced a disposition to endure in uncomplaining silence many school annoyances, which more energy of character would have easily repelled. An extraordinary incident, however, gave a new turn to his situation. About six months after the execution, Bartholdy suddenly disappeared from the seminary ; and this unaccountable event, by which Florian was the only sufferer, was neither explained nor even alluded to by the reverend fathers. To the scholars, who in vain sought an explanation of this mystery from the friend of Bartholdy, it was for some weeks a subject of wondering conjecture, which soon, however, subsided into indifference with all save Florian. He had lost his only, and, as he firmly believed, his sincerely-attached friend and companion ; and, as this friendship had deprived him of the sympathy of every other schoolfellow, he had now no alternative but to retire within himself, and lean upon his own thoughts and resources. For some time he brooded incessantly upon the strange disappearance of his friend. He recollected that for several days preceding the event, the spirits of Bartholdy were so obviously depressed as to create inquiries, to which his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding the guarded silence of the reverend fathers, it was evident to Florian that his friend had not absconded from the seminary, as not only his clothes and books, but even his bed, had disappeared with him. One article only remained, which had been left in the custody of Florian. It was a large clasp-knife, of excellent workmanship and finish. The handle was of the purest ivory, wrought in curious devices, and the long blade, which terminated in a sharp point, was secured from closing by a powerful spring, thus serving the double purpose of a knife and dagger. The owner of this remarkable weapon had told Florian that it was precious to him, as the legacy of a near rela-

tive, and requested him to take charge of it, from an apprehension that if discovered in his own possession, it would either be stolen by the boys, or taken from him by the Jesuit fathers. "And now," sighed Florian, as he gazed with painful recollections on the knife, "it is too probably lost to him forever. But if he is still in being, I may yet see and restore to him his favorite knife; and, that I may be always ready to restore it, as well as in remembrance of the owner, I will henceforth always carry it about me."

During the remainder of Florian's stay at the seminary, his thoughts continually reverted to his lost friend, who had, he feared, from a mysterious expression of the presiding Jesuit, met with some terrible calamity. During confession, he had once expressed his grief for the sudden deprivation of his friend, when, to his great surprise, the venerable priest, placing his hand upon the fair and innocent brow of Florian, exclaimed, with fervent emphasis, "Thank God, my son, that it has so happened!"

Florian often pondered upon these remarkable words, which, until some years after his departure from school, he could never satisfactorily interpret. For a long period he fondly cherished the memory of Bartholdy, and this feeling was prolonged by the knife, which, from habit, he continued to carry about him, even when the lapse of time had reconciled him to the loss of his early friend, and his riper judgment told him that that friend had unworthily imposed upon his credulity, and that the consequences of their exclusive intimacy still exercised a pernicious influence upon his character and his happiness.

About three years after the disappearance of Bartholdy, the guardians of Florian, who had been an orphan from infancy, removed him from the seminary, and placed him as a law-student at the university of D.; but here again, although advantageously introduced and recommended, he found himself a stranger, unheeded, and desolate. His timid and now invincible

reserve, which prevented all advances on his part towards a frank and social communion with his fellow students, chilled that disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, which his graceful person and intelligent physiognomy had excited; while his hesitating indecision, at every trivial and commonplace incident, made him ridiculous to the few who had been won, by his prepossessing exterior, to occasional intercourse. Thus, amidst numbers of his own age and pursuit, and in the dense population of a city, the timid Florian continued as deficient as a child in all practical acquaintance with society. Without a single friend or associate, he acquired the habits of a solitary recluse; and, yielding supinely to what now appeared to him his destiny, he became anxious, disconsolate, and misanthropic. Conscious, however, that in France a sound and comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence was a frequent avenue to honorable civic appointments, and yet overlooking his own incompetency to make any degree of legal knowledge available for this purpose, he pursued his studies for some years with indefatigable assiduity; and, during the last year of his stay at D. his endeavors to ensure himself, by accumulated knowledge, an honorable support, were stimulated by a growing attachment to the lovely daughter of a merchant, through whose agency he drew occasional supplies of money from his guardians.

But even the passion of love, which so often rouses the latent powers of the diffident into life and energy, failed to inspire the timid Florian with that external ardor and prompt assiduity so essential to success; and, although the fair object of his regard did not appear insensible to his silent and gentle homage, he never could collect resolution to reveal his feelings. His diffidence was increased, too, by the unmeaning gallantry of two young and lively officers of the garrison, who, although precluded by their nobility from marriage with the daughter of a citizen, employed a portion of their abundant leisure in making skirmish-



ing experiments upon the affections of the lovely Angelique. While these military butterflies were fluttering round the woman he loved, poor Florian, daunted by the painful consciousness of his comparative disadvantages, rarely presumed to enter the villa in which her father resided, about half a league beyond the city gates, and endeavored to console himself by wandering in a pleasant grove immediately contiguous. Here a majestic elm was endeared to him by the knowledge that his beloved Angelique often took her work to a turf seat beneath its spreading branches. Here, too, he sometimes left a flower, or other silent token of his regard, the ascertained acceptance of which did not, however, encourage him to any decisive measure. At length arrived the autumnal vacation, which closed his academic studies; and he determined to pass the winter in his native province, where he thought the influence of his guardians, and the favorable testimony of his Jesuit teachers, would procure for him such recommendations as would render his extensive legal knowledge available for his future support. He proposed to return in the ensuing spring to D.; and should his mistress have stood the test of six months' absence, and still regard him with an eye of favor, he would then openly declare himself. He called upon her father at his counting-house, and after explaining to him the probable advantages of his visit to Normandy, bade him farewell, and hastened with a beating heart to the villa, where he had the good fortune to find his Angelique alone. Always timid and irresolute in her presence, the fear of betraying his feelings on this occasion made him tremble as he approached her. Her young cheek glowed with unaffected blushes, as she observed a confusion which led her to anticipate an avowal of his attachment; and when he merely told her that he was going to pass the winter in Normandy, and had called to say farewell, her fine eyes became humid with the starting tears of sudden and uncontrollable emotion.

Yet even this obvious proof of sympathy failed to encourage the timid and ever-doubting Florian. Persuaded that he had nothing but his sincerity to recommend him, he dreaded a repulse; and, pressing with gentle fervor her proffered hand, he hastily quitted the apartment, without daring to take another look.

After having secured a place in the diligence for the following morning, he called upon the few acquaintances he had in D., and late in the afternoon repaired with eager haste to the grove behind the abode of Angelique. He had determined that his favorite elm, hitherto the only witness of his love, should become the medium of a more palpable declaration of his feelings than he had hitherto dared to convey. Intending to carve in the bark the initial letters of his own and his fair one's names within the outline of a heart, he drew from his pocket the ivory clasp-knife of Bartholdy, which, after seven years of faithful custody, he had begun to consider as his own; and, kneeling on the bank of turf, he was enabled, by the sharpness of the point, to cut in deep and firm characters the initials of the name so dear to him. Laying down the knife upon the seat, he gazed, with folded arms, upon the beloved cipher, and fell into one of his accustomed reveries. An hour had thus elapsed, when suddenly he was roused from his dream of bliss by tones of loud and vehement contention at no great distance from the elm. Prompted by his natural aversion for scenes of violence, he concealed himself behind the tree, from whence he was enabled to discern his two military rivals, out of uniform, approaching the elm, and indicating, by furious tones and gestures, feelings of mutual and deadly animosity. Florian, whose sense of the awkwardness of his situation was increased by his timidity, fancied that he should be accused of listening to their conversation, and, retreating unobserved into the wood, he had gained the high-road before he recollected that he had left his knife on the seat of turf. Ashamed of his

cowardice, he determined to return and claim it, in the event of its having been discovered and taken by one of the contending parties. He was solicitous, also, to complete the intended cipher on the bark of the elm, while there was light enough for his purpose; and, concluding that his angry rivals had walked on in another direction, he hastily retraced his steps. Looking over some tall evergreen shrubs, which were separated by a footpath from the elm, he observed that the turf seat was unoccupied. Supposing, from the total silence, that the hostile youths had quitted the grove, he emerged from the evergreens with confidence, and approached the tree, but recoiled in sudden horror, as he almost stepped upon the body of one of his rivals, who lay dead on his back, while the blood was issuing in torrents from a wound in his throat, inflicted by the knife of Bartholdy, the remarkable handle of which protruded from the deep incision. His blood froze as he gazed on this sad spectacle; and, covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments over the body in stolid and sickening horror. Soon, however, his strong antipathy to scenes of bloodshed and violence impelled him to rush, with headlong precipitation, from the fatal spot. Leaving his knife in the wound, he darted forward through the wood, and fortunately without meeting any one within or near it. When he reached the high-road, the darkness had so much increased as to render his features undistinguishable to the passengers, and, running towards the city, he soon reached the public promenade without the barriers, where he threw himself upon a bench, exhausted with terror and fatigue. Looking fearfully around him through the darkness, he endeavored to collect his reasoning faculties, and immediately the recollection that he had left his knife in the throat of the murdered officer flashed upon him. With this fatal weapon were connected many old associations, which now crowded with sickening potency upon his memory. Again he

saw the sarcastic grin with which his friend had said, "What we most carefully shun is most likely to befall us." And would not the remarkable knife of Bartholdy too probably verify the malignant prophecy of its owner? Forgetful of the improbability that any one had seen in his possession a knife which, before that evening, he had never used, his senses yielded to an irresistible conviction that this instrument of another's guilt would betray and lead him to the scaffold. Immediate flight was the only resource which presented itself to his bewildered judgment; and, rising from the bench, he hastened to his lodgings, to complete his preparations for departure the following morning. After a sleepless night, during which he started at every sound with apprehension of a nocturnal visit from the police, he proceeded at day-break, with a heavy heart, to the post-house, where, observing a carrier's waggon on the point of departure for Normandy, he availed himself of the opportunity to facilitate his escape, by putting a few essentials into a cloak-bag, and forwarding his heavy trunk by the carrier. After some delay, of which every moment appeared an age, the diligence departed; and when the church-towers were lost in distance, the goading terrors of the unhappy fugitive yielded for a time to feelings of comparative security. His apprehensions, however, were renewed by every rising cloud of dust behind the diligence, and by every equestrian who followed and passed the vehicle. In vain did he endeavor to console himself with the consciousness that he was innocent, and under the protection of a just and merciful Providence. The judicial murder of Calas, and of other innocent sufferers, detailed in the "*Causes Célèbres*" of Pitaval, were ever present to his fevered fancy; and when he closed his eyes and assumed the semblance of sleep, to avoid the conversation of his fellow travellers, his imagination conjured up the staring orbs and satanic smile of Bartholdy, who pointed at him jeeringly, and

exclaimed, "In vain you seek to shun your destiny! In France, the innocent and the guilty bleed alike upon the scaffold." And then he shouted in the ear of Florian, "Why did you part with the knife I confided to you? Why provoke me to become your evil genius?" Or, with a hoarse and fiendish laugh, he seemed to whisper to the shrinking fugitive—"You are a doomed man, Florian! doomed to the scaffold!"

Thus busily did the frenzied fancy of the unhappy youth call up a succession of imaginary terrors, until at dusk the diligence stopped at a solitary inn, and Florian heard, with new alarm, that here the passengers were to remain the night. "And here," thought the timid fugitive, "I shall certainly be overtaken and arrested by the *gens-d'armes*." A traveller, who arrived soon after the diligence, and supped with the passengers, afforded him, however, another chance of escape. This man was lamenting that, at a neighboring fair, he had not been able to sell an excellent horse, and Florian, watching his opportunity, concluded the purchase with little bargaining. Pleading the necessity of going forward on urgent business, he mounted his purchase, and quitted the inn-yard, with a heart lightened by the certainty that he should gain a night upon his pursuers. At that time France was at peace both abroad and at home; passports were not essential to the native traveller; and Florian, turning down the first cross-road, proceeded rapidly all night, and the four following days; pausing occasionally to refresh his wearied steed, changing his name whenever he was required to declare it, and observing a zig-zag direction to blind his pursuers. On the fifth morning he found himself in a fertile district of central France; and, considering himself safe from all immediate danger, he pursued his journey more leisurely between the vine-covered and gently swelling hills, till the noonday heat and dusty road made him sensibly feel the want of refreshment. While gazing around him for

some hamlet or cottage to pause at, his attention was caught by sounds of lamentation at no great distance, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a prostrate mule, vainly endeavoring to regain his legs, one of which was broken. A tall boy, in peasant-garb, was scratching his head in rustic embarrassment at this dilemma, and near him stood a young and very lovely woman, wringing her hands in perplexity, and lamenting over the unfortunate mule, a remarkably fine animal, and caparisoned with a completeness which indicated the easy circumstances of his owner. Florian immediately stopped his horse; and, with his wonted kindness, dismounted to offer his assistance. The young woman said nothing as he approached, but her beautiful dark eyes appealed to him for aid and counsel with an eloquence which reached his heart in a moment. Examining the mule, he said, after some consideration, "There is no hope for the poor animal; and the most humane expedient will be to shoot him as soon as possible. Your side-saddle can be strapped on my horse, which shall convey you to the next village, or as much farther as you like, if you have no objection to the conveyance."

Expressing her thanks with engaging frankness and cordiality, the fair traveller told him that she was returning from a visit to some relations, and that she was still four leagues from her father's house. She would gladly, she said, avail herself of his kind offer, but insisted that her servant should not kill her favorite mule until she was out of sight and hearing. Then turning briskly towards Florian, she told him that she was ready to proceed, but objected to the exchange of saddles; and, as she was accustomed to ride on a pillion, would rather sit behind him, as well as she could, than give him the trouble of walking four leagues. Finding all opposition fruitless, Florian remounted; and, with the assistance of her servant, the fair unknown was soon seated behind him. Blushing and laughing at the necessi-

ty, she put an arm around his waist to support herself, and then begged him to proceed without delay, as she was anxious to reach home before night.

Conversing as they journeyed onward, their communications became every moment more cordial and interesting; and as Florian felt the warm hand of his lovely companion near his heart, he began to feel a soothing sense of gratification, which cheered and elevated his perturbed spirits. He had never before found himself in such near and agreeable relation to a beautiful and lively woman; and, whenever he turned his head to speak or listen, he found the finest black eyes, and the most lovely mouth he had ever seen, within a few inches of his own. So potent, indeed, was the charm of her look and language, that he forgot, for a time, the timid graces and less sparkling beauty of her he had lost forever, and was insensibly beguiled of all his fears and sorrows as he listened to the lively sallies of this laughter-loving fair one. Meanwhile, they had quitted the cross-road in which he had discovered her, and pursued, by her direction, the great road from Paris towards eastern France. Here, however, he remarked, with surprise, that she invariably drew the large hood of her cloak over her face when any travellers passed them; and his surprise was converted into uneasiness and suspicion, when, after commencing the last league of their journey, she drew the hood entirely over her face; and her conversation, before so animated and flowing, was succeeded by total silence, or by replies so brief and disjointed, as to indicate that her thoughts were intensely pre-occupied.

The sun had reached the horizon when they arrived within a short half-league of the town before them, and here she suddenly asked her conductor whether he intended to travel farther before morning. Florian, hoping to obtain some clue to her name and residence, replied, that he was undetermined; on which she advised him to give a night's rest to his jaded

horse, and strongly recommended to him an hotel, the name and situation of which she minutely described. He promised to comply with her recommendations; and immediately, by a prompt and vigorous effort, she threw herself from the horse to the ground. Hastily arranging her disordered traveling dress, she approached him, clasped his hand in both her own, and thanked him, in brief but fervent terms, for the important service he had rendered her. "And now," added she, in visible embarrassment, as she raised her hood, and looked fearfully around, "I have another favor to request. My father would not approve of your accompanying me home, nor must the town gossips see me at this hour with a young man and a stranger. You will, therefore, oblige me by resting your horse here for half an hour, that I may reach the town before you. Will you do me this favor?" she repeated, with a pleading look. "Most certainly I will," replied the good-natured, but disappointed Florian. "Farewell, then," she cordially rejoined, "and may Heaven reward your kindness!"

Bounding forward with a light and rapid step, she soon disappeared round a sharp angle in the road, occasioned by a sudden bend of the adjacent river. Florian, dismounting to relieve his horse, gazed admiringly upon her elastic step and well-turned figure, until she was out of sight. He recollected, with a sigh of regret, the sprightly graces and artless intelligence of her conversation; again the sense of his desolate and perilous condition smote him; he felt himself more than ever forlorn and unhappy, and reproached himself for the helpless bashfulness which had prevented him from inquiring more urgently the name and residence of this charming stranger. While thus painfully musing, the time she had prescribed elapsed, and Florian, remounting, let the bridle fall upon the neck of the exhausted animal, which paced towards the town as deliberately as the unknown fair one could have wished.

At a short distance from the town gate the high-road passed under an archway, composing part of a detached house of Gothic and ancient structure; and on the town side of the arch was a toll-bar, at which a boy was stationed, who held out his hat to Florian, and demanded half a sous. "For what?" asked Florian.

"A long established toll, sir," said the boy; "and if you have a compassionate heart, you will give another half sous to the condemned criminals," he continued, as he pointed to an iron box, placed near the house-door, under a figure of the Virgin. Shuddering at the words, Florian threw some copper coins into the box; and, as he hastened forward, endeavored to banish the painful association of ideas, by fixing his thoughts upon the mysterious fair one. Suspecting, from the pressing manner in which she had recommended a particular hotel to his preference, that, if he went there, he might possibly see or hear from her in the morning, he proceeded to the *Henri Quatre*, which proved to be an hotel of third-rate importance, but well suited to his limited means, and recommending itself by an air of cleanliness and comfort. The evenings at this season were cool; and as it would have required some time to heat the parlor, the landlord proposed to him to sit down and take some refreshment in his well warmed kitchen. Florian complied with this invitation, but not without some apprehension of the presence of strangers; and, stepping into the kitchen, was relieved by the discovery that it was occupied only by servants, who were too busily engaged in preparing supper to take notice of him.

Sitting down in a corner near the fire, the combined effects of a genial warmth and excessive fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, which lasted several hours, and would have continued much longer had he not been roused by the landlord, who told him that his supper had been ready some time, but that he had been unwilling to disturb a slumber so profound. In

fact, the repose of the unfortunate fugitive had not, during the five preceding nights, been so continuous and refreshing, so free from painful and menacing visions. Rising drowsily from his chair, he followed the landlord to a table where a roasted capon, and a glass jug of bright wine, waited his arrival. The servants had all retired for the night,—the landlord quitted the kitchen, and Florian, busily employed in dissecting the fowl, thought himself the sole tenant of the spacious apartment, when, looking accidentally towards the fire, he saw with surprise that the chair he had just quitted was occupied. Looking more intently, he distinguished a short man of more than middle age, whose square and sturdy figure was partially concealed by a capacious mantle. His hair was gray, his forehead seamed with broad wrinkles, and his bushy brows beetled over a set of features stern and massive as if cast in iron. His eyes were small and deep-set, but of a lustrous black; and Florian observed with dismay that they were fixed upon his countenance with a look of searching scrutiny. It was near midnight, and in the deep silence which reigned through the house, this motionless attitude, and marble fixedness of look, gave to the stranger's appearance a character so appalling, that, had he not broken the spell by stooping to light his pipe, the excited Florian would ere long have thought him an unearthly object. The stranger now quitted his seat by the fire, took from a table near him a jug of wine, and approached the wondering Florian. "With your leave, my good sir," he began, "I will take a chair by your table. A little friendly gossip is the best of all seasoning to a glass of wine."

Without waiting for a reply, the old man seated himself directly opposite to Florian, and again fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon his countenance. The conscious fugitive, who felt a growing and unaccountable dread of this singular intruder, muttered a brief assent, and continued to

eat his supper in silent but obvious embarrassment; stealing now and then a timid look at the stranger, but hastily withdrawing his furtive glances as he felt the beams of the old man's small and vivid eyes penetrating his very soul. He observed that the features of his tormentor were cast in a vulgar mould, but his gaze was widely different from that of clownish curiosity, and there was in his deportment a stern and steady self-possession, which suggested to the alarmed Florian a suspicion that he was an agent of the police, who had probably tracked him through the cross-roads he had traversed in his flight from D. The rich color of his cheeks turned to an ashy paleness at this appalling conjecture; and, leaving his supper unfinished, he arose abruptly from the table to quit the room, when the old man, starting suddenly from his chair, seized the shaking hand of Florian, and, looking cautiously around him, said in subdued but impressive tones—"It is not accident, young man, which brings us together at this hour. I came in while you were asleep, and begged the landlord would not awaken you, that I might say a few words to you in confidence, after the servants had gone to bed."

"To me?" exclaimed Florian, in anxious wonder.

"Hush!" said the old man, again looking around the kitchen. "My object is to give you a friendly warning; for, if I am not for the first time mistaken in these matters, you are menaced with a formidable danger."

"Danger?" repeated the pallid Florian, in a voice scarcely audible.

"And have you not good reason to expect this danger?" continued the stranger. "Your sudden paleness tells me that you know it. I am an old man, and my life has been a rough pilgrimage, but I have still a warm heart, and can make large allowances for the headlong impetuosities which too often plunge a young man into crime. You may safely trust me," he continued, placing his hand upon his heart, "in whose bosom the con-

fessions of many hapless fugitives repose, and will repose, so long as life beats in my pulses. I betray no man who confides in me, were he stained even with blood."

Pausing a little, he fixed a keenly searching look upon the shrinking youth, and then whispered in his ear—"Young man! you have a murder on your conscience!"

For a moment the apprehensions of Florian yielded to a lofty sense of indignation at this groundless charge. "It is false, old man!" he exclaimed with energy. "I swear by the just God who searches all hearts, that I am not conscious of any crime."

"I shall rejoice to learn that I am mistaken," replied the old man, with evident gratification, as again he fixed his searching orbs upon the indignant Florian. "If you are innocent, it will be all the better for both of us; but," he continued, after a hasty look around him, "the danger I alluded to still hangs over your head. I trust, however, that with God's help, I shall be able to shield you from it."

Florian, too much alarmed to reply, looked at him doubtingly. "I will deal candidly with you," resumed the old man, after a pause of reflection. "When you rode by my house this evening"—

"Who and what are you?" exclaimed Florian, in new astonishment.

"Have a little patience, young man!" replied the stranger, while his iron features relaxed into a good-natured smile. "Do you recollect the tall archway under an old house where a toll of half a sous was demanded from you? That house is mine; and I was sitting by the window as you threw an alms into the box for the condemned criminals. Had you then looked upward, you would have seen a naked sword and a bright axe suspended over your head."

At these words Florian shuddered, and involuntarily retreated some paces from his companion. "I see by your flinching," sternly resumed the old man, "that you guess who is before

you. You are right, young man! I am the town executioner, but an honest man withal, and well inclined to render you essential service. Now, mark me! When you stopped beneath the broad blade, it quivered, and jarred against the axe. Whoever is thus greeted by the headsman's sword is inevitably doomed to come in contact with it. I heard the bodding jar which every executioner in France well knows how to interpret, and I immediately determined to follow and to warn you."

The unhappy youth, who had listened in disheartening emotion to this strange communication, now yielded to a sense of ungovernable terror. Covering with both his hands his pallid face, he exclaimed, in nameless agony—"O God! in thy infinite mercy, save me!"

"Hah!" ejaculated the headsman sternly, "have I then roused your sleeping conscience? However, whether you conclude to open or to shut your heart, is now immaterial. In either case, I will never betray you,—for accusation and judgment belong not to my office. Profit, therefore, as you best may, by my well-intended warning. Alas! alas!" he muttered between his closed teeth, "that one so young should dip his hands in blood!"

"By all that is sacred!" exclaimed Florian, with trembling eagerness, "I am innocent of murder, and incapable of falsehood; and yet so disastrous is my destiny, that I am beset with peril and suspicion. You are an utter stranger to me, but you appear to have benevolence and worldly wisdom. Listen to my tale, and then in mercy give me aid and counsel."

He now unfolded to the executioner the extraordinary chain of circumstances which had compelled him to seek security in flight, and told his

tale of trials with an artless and single-hearted simplicity of language, look, and gesture, which carried with it irresistible conviction of his innocence. The rigid features of the headsman gradually relaxed, as he listened, into a cheerful and even cordial expression; then warmly grasping the hand of Florian as he concluded, he said, "Well! well! I see how it is. In my profession we learn how to read human nature. When I watched your slumber, I thought your sleep looked very like the sleep of innocence; and now I believe from my soul that you are as guiltless of this murder as I am. With God's help I will yet save you from this peril; and indeed had you killed your rival in sudden quarrel, I would have done as much for you, for I well know that sudden wrath has made many a good man blood-guilty. There was certainly some danger of your being implicated by the singular circumstances you have detailed; but the real and formidable peril has grown out of your flight. That was a blunder, young man! but I see no reason to despair. 'Tis true, the broad blade has denounced you, and my grandfather and father, as well as myself, have traced criminals by its guidance; but I know that the sword will speak alike to its master and its victim. You have yet to learn, young man, that in this life every man is either an anvil or a hammer, a tool or a victim; and that he who boldly grasps the blade will never be its victim. Briefly, then, I feel a regard for you. I have no sons, but I have a young and lovely daughter. Marry her, and I will adopt you as my successor.\* You will then fulfil your destiny by coming in contact with the sword; and, if you clutch it firmly, I will pledge myself that you never die by it."

\* The numerous individuals devoted to this melancholy office, in Germany and France, compose two large families severally connected by intermarriages and adoptions. In France especially, the executioner is under a compulsory obligation to transmit his office to one of his sons, who grows up with a consciousness of this necessity; and, being systematically trained to it, he submits, in most instances without repining, to his painful lot. If the executioner has only daughters, he adopts a young man, who becomes his son-in-law and successor.



At this strange proposal Florian started on his feet with indignant abhorrence. "Hold!" continued the headsman coolly. "Why hurry your decision? The night is long, and favorable to reflection. Bestow a full and fair consideration upon my proposal, and recollect that your neck is in peril; that all your prospects in life are blasted; and that my offer of a safe asylum, and a competent support, can alone preserve you from despair and destruction. The sword has sent you a helper in the hour of need, and if you reject the friendly warning, you will soon discover that the consciousness of innocence will not protect a blushing and irresolute fugitive from the proverbial ubiquity and prompt severity of the French police."

The headsman now emptied his glass, and with a friendly nod left the kitchen. Soon after his departure the landlord appeared with a night-lamp, and conducted Florian to his apartment. Without undressing, the bewildered youth extinguished his lamp, and threw himself on the bed, hoping that the darkness would accelerate the approach of sleep, and of that oblivion which in his happier days had always accompanied it. Vain, however, for some hours, was every attempt to lull his senses into forgetfulness. The revolting proposal of the old man haunted him incessantly.

"I become an"—he muttered indignantly, but could never utter the hateful word. The shrinking diffidence which had been a fertile source of difficulty to him through life, had been increased tenfold by his recent calamities; he was conscious even to agony of his total inability to contend with the consequences of his imprudent and cowardly flight; but, from such means of escape, he recoiled with unutterable loathing. He felt that he should never have resolution to grasp the sword which was to save him from being numbered with its victims; and yet his invincible abhorrence of this alternative failed to

rouse in him the moral courage which would have promptly rescued him from the toils of the cunning headsman. The broken slumber into which he fell before morning was haunted by boding forms and tragic incidents. The sword, the axe, the scaffold, and the rack, flitted around him in quick procession, and seemed to close every avenue to escape. He awoke from these visions of horror at daybreak, and left his bed as wearied in body, and as irresolute in mind, as when he entered it. Dreading alike a renewal of the executioner's proposal, and the risk of being arrested and tried for murder, he saw no alternative but flight—immediate flight beyond the bounds of France. While pondering over the best means of accomplishing this now settled purpose, the tin weathercock upon the roof of his bedroom creaked in the morning breeze. Florian, to whose excited fancy the headsman's sword was ever present, thought he heard it jar against the axe, and started in sudden terror. "Whither shall I fly?" he exclaimed, as tears of agony rolled down his cheeks. "Where find a refuge from the sword of justice? Alas! my doom is fixed and unalterable. Anvil or hammer I must be, and I have not courage to become either."

Again the weathercock creaked above him, and more intelligibly than before. Florian, discovering the simple cause of his terrors, rallied his drooping spirits, and hastened down stairs to order his horse, that he might leave the hotel and the town before the promised visit of the fearful headsman. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. The servants were not visible, and the landlord, insisting that he should take a warm breakfast before his departure, was so dilatory in preparing it, that a full hour elapsed before Florian rode out of the stable-yard. His officious host then persisted in sending a boy to show him the nearest way to the town gate; and the impatient traveller, who would gladly have declined the

offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the eastern gate, and quitted him; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been roused by the tenacious civility of the landlord, rode slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chesnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, he saw the old man, whose promised visit he was endeavoring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback. "I guessed as much," said the headsman, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. "I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. You have neither sanguine hopes nor a fixed purpose to support you, and you want firmness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will everywhere assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace the certain protection I offer you? Fear not that I shall either repeat or allude to my last night's proposal. My sole object is your immediate protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the blood-hounds of the police. At the frontiers you will inevitably be stopped and identified; but under my roof you will be safe from all pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded from the world, I have no visitors, and your presence will not be suspected by any one. In a few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate, and you may then take your departure with renewed courage and confidence."

"Courage and confidence!" repeated to himself the timid Florian; "would Heaven I had either!" The good sense, however, of the old man's advice was so obvious, that he determined to avail himself of so kind an offer. Gratefully pressing his hand,

he dismissed all doubts of his sincerity, and said, "I will accompany you; and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot."

"We must return by the road I came," said the headsman, turning his horse. "It will take us outside the town to my house; and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlord, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. He supposes that you are my distant relative, and that, unwilling to appear in public with an executioner, you had made an appointment with me for this early hour on your way homeward."

After a ride of half an hour through the shady lanes which skirted the ramparts, they reached the back entrance of the Gothic building before mentioned, and Florian entered this singular sanctuary with emotions not easily described. The old headsman was in high spirits; and the blunt but genuine kindness and cordiality of his manners soon removed from the mind of his guest every lurking suspicion that some treachery was intended. The table was promptly covered with an excellent breakfast, and the old man sent a message to his daughter, requesting that she would bring a bottle of the best wine in the cellar.

Florian fixed his eyes upon the door in shrinking anticipation. He suspected new attempts to ensnare him to the headsman's purpose; and, notwithstanding his firm determination to resist them, he recoiled with fastidious disgust from the possible necessity of contending with the meretricious advances of a bold and reckless female, whose limited opportunities of marriage would impel her to lure him by any means to her father's object. How widely different were his emotions when the door opened, and his lovely traveling companion, whom, in the terrors of the past night, he had forgotten, entered, in blushing embarrassment, with the bottle of wine. In a tumult of mingled apprehension and delight, he started from his chair, but the cordial greeting he intended was

checked by a significant wink from the lively fair one as she passed behind her father to the table. It was obvious to Florian that she wished to conceal their previous acquaintance, and with a silent bow he resumed his seat, while the smiling maid, whom her father introduced to his guest by the name of Madelon, took a chair between them, and the conversation soon became general and exhilarating.

The continued fever of apprehension which had almost unhinged the reason of the timid Florian, now rapidly subsided. The cordial hospitality of the old headsman soon made him feel at home in an abode which he had once contemplated with horror and disgust; while the artless attentions and fascinating vivacity of the pretty Madelon soon wove around him a magic spell, and invested the Gothic chambers of her father's antique mansion with all the splendors of Aladdin's palace.

Motherless from the age of fourteen, and secluded by her father's vocation from all society save occasional intercourse with relatives of the same degraded caste, the headsman's daughter had been early accustomed to rely upon her own resources.

Most of her leisure hours had been devoted to a comprehensive course of historical reading, from which her unpolished but strong-minded father conceived that she would derive, not only amusement and instruction, but that sustaining fortitude so essential to the station in which her lot was cast. Thus her innocent and active mind, untainted by the licentiousness and infidelity of French romance, acquired concentration and strength; the study of sacred and profane history induced habits of salutary reflection, and her character gradually developed a masculine yet unpretending energy, which admirably fitted her to become the helpmate of a man so timid and indecisive as Florian. Her mother was a Parisian, of good manners and education, but an orphan and defenceless. Persecuted by a licentious nobleman, who, in revenge for her firm rejection

of his dishonorable addressee, had accused her of theft, she had effected her escape from the chateau in which she resided as governess to his daughters, to the same town in which Florian had been discovered by the headsman. Circumstances somewhat similar, but not essential to my narrative, had induced her to accept a temporary asylum in the house of the executioner, whose mother was then living; and here, in a moment of despair at her destitute and hopeless condition, she accepted the often tendered addresses of the enamored headsman, and became his wife. The life of this amiable and accomplished woman was shortened by her calamities, and by a sense of degradation which she could never subdue. Secluded from all human society save that of an uncultivated husband, who but imperfectly understood her value, she loved her only child with more than a mother's idolatry; and, while her strength permitted, devoted herself, with unceasing solicitude, to the formation of her mind, and to the regulation of her untameable vivacity. Thus happily moulded in early youth, and judiciously cultivated after her mother's death, Madelon combined, with clear and vigorous perceptions, a degree of personal attraction rarely seen in France, and no small portion of the feminine grace and fascination peculiar to well educated French women; while to these advantages were superadded eyes of radiant lustre, a voice rich in soft and musical inflections, and a smile of irresistible archness and witchery. Accustomed, from her limited opportunities of observation, to regard men as collectively coarse and uncultivated, she had been immediately and powerfully attracted by the elegant person and the refined and gentle manners of Florian, during their four leagues' journey; and to one who felt the value of knowledge, and eagerly sought to extend her means of pursuing it, there was, on farther acquaintance, a charm in his comprehensive attainments and in the classic elegance of his diction, which com-

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pensated for the unmanly timidity and morbid infirmity of purpose, so easily distinguishable in his character and conduct.

In Florian, whose feelings were fortified by reminiscences of a prior attachment, the progress of sentiment was slower, but not less certain in its tendency. His silent worship of Angelique had always been accompanied by doubts and misgivings innumerable. He thought her lost to him forever; he felt that all his prospects of professional advancement were blighted by the disastrous incident at D. and his consequent flight; and insensibly he yielded to the charm of daily and hourly intercourse with the bewitching Madelon. The consciousness of her admiring prepossession, and of his own superior attainments, gave to him, while conversing with her, a soothing self-possession, an expansion of thought and feeling, and a glowing facility of elocution, which he had never before experienced, and which proved a source of exquisite and inexhaustible gratification. Her unceasing sympathy and kindness, her flattering anticipation of his wishes, lulled the anguish of his recollections, and her sparkling gaiety never failed to rouse his drooping spirits. He soon learned to estimate at its true value the rare combination of gentleness and energy which her character displayed; while her courageous self-possession and unfailing resources, under every difficulty, made him regard her as a woman gifted beyond her sex with those qualities in which he felt himself most deficient. In short, feelings of deep and lasting attachment stole insensibly into the hearts of the youthful pair. Florian had surrendered all his sympathies to Madelon before he was conscious of the power she had gained over his happiness, and their mutual affection was betrayed and sealed by word and pledge before he reflected upon the inevitable consequences. Too soon, alas! he was awakened from this dream of bliss to a long reality of terror and anguish. The spell which bound him was broken, and the scene

of enchantment was abruptly changed into a chaos of interminable dismay and anxiety.

Some weeks after his arrival in this asylum, the headsman had advised him to prolong his stay until all danger of pursuit had subsided; and the fears of the fugitive soon gave way to cheering sensations of security and confidence. To lovers the present is everything: Florian forgot alike the trying past and the menacing future; weeks and months flitted past unobserved by the youthful pair, while the crafty headsman, who had silently watched their growing attachment, crowed in secret over the now certain success of his stratagem.

Several months had thus elapsed, and the old man, after ascertaining from his daughter that the affections and the honor of Florian were irredeemably plighted, took an opportunity to address him one morning as soon as Madelon had quitted the breakfast-room.

"I think it is high time, young man," he said, smiling, "that you should proceed to business. Come along with me into my workshop."

Florian looked at him in silent wonder, but unhesitatingly followed him into the capacious cellars, where the old man unlocked a door which his guest had never before observed. Florian entered with his conductor, but started back in dismay as he saw a number of executioner's swords and axes hanging round the walls of a low vaulted room, in the centre of which several cabbage-heads were fixed with pegs upon an oblong block of wood. The headsman took one of the swords from the wall, drew it from the scabbard, carefully wiped the glittering blade, and then offered it to Florian. "Now, my son," he began, "try your strength upon these cabbage-heads. It is easy work, and requires nothing but a steady hand."

"Gracious Heaven! you cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Florian, retreating from him in deadly terror.

"Not in earnest?" rejoined the headsman, sternly; "I consider your

compliance as a matter of course. You love my daughter—you have won her affections—and surely, Florian, you are not the man to play her false !”

“God forbid !” exclaimed Florian with honest fervor. “I dearly love her, and seek no happier lot than to become her husband.”

“I offered her to you, my son !” said the other, with returning kindness ; “but you did not like the conditions, and declined her. You have since, without my permission, sought and won her affections, and you have no right to flinch from the implied consequences. It is high time to come to a conclusion, and to apply yourself in good faith to the only pursuit through which you can ever obtain my Madelon.”

“The only one ?” timidly repeated Florian ; “I have, ’tis true, abandoned for your daughter’s sake the world and the world’s prejudices ; but I am young and industrious ; I possess valuable knowledge ; and, surely, I may find some employment which will maintain a wife and family. Do, my good father, relinquish this dreadful vocation !”

“And my daughter !” exclaimed the headsman, with loud and bitter emphasis. What is to become of *her* ? If even you could step back within the pale of society, *she* would forever be excluded. But you have neither moral courage nor animal bravery enough for any worldly pursuit—your original station in society is irrecoverably gone—and, if you attempt to leave this safe asylum, the sword of justice will face you at every turn. No, no, Florian ! I love my future son-in-law too well to expose him to such imminent and deadly peril. There, read that paper ! the contents will bring you to your senses.”

With these words, which struck like a wintry chill into the heart of Florian, he took an old newspaper from his pocket-book. The unhappy fugitive received it with a shaking hand, and read a judicial summons from the authorities of D., seeking intelligence of a student, who had on a certain day

quitted the university by the diligence for Normandy, and unaccountably disappeared. His Christian and surname, with an accurate description of his dress and person, were appended. Glancing fearfully down the page, he distinguished some particulars of a murder ; his sight grew dim with terror ; and, after a vain attempt to read farther, he dropped the fatal document, and reeled back, breathless, and almost fainting, against the wall.

“He is the very man !” muttered the headsman, whose keen eye had been intently fixed upon him during the perusal. “I never asked your real name, young man,” he continued, “but now I know it. Your terrors would betray it to a child. How then are you, without fortitude to face the common evils of life, and bearing in every feature a betrayer, to escape the giant-grasp of the French police ? And had this calamity never befallen you, how could you gain a support in a world, which, by your own confession, you have ever found ungenial and repulsive ? Believe me, Florian, here, and here only, will you find safety, support, and happiness.”

“Happiness ?” mournfully repeated Florian.

“Yes, happiness !” rejoined the tempter. “You and Madelon love each other, and in every station, from the highest to the lowest, love is the salt of life, the balm and cordial of existence. My office descends from generation to generation ; it ensures to the holder, not only a good house and lauded property, but an income of no mean amount. Every traveller who passes my house pays me a toll, because fifty years since an inundation compelled the town to cut a high-road through my grandfather’s garden. Of all these benefits I shall be deprived, when old and disabled, if my children disdain to follow my vocation ; and if Madelon were to marry within the pale of that society which regards her father with abhorrence, my house and vineyard would be destroyed by the bigoted and furious populace, and too probably my innocent child along with

them. Have you the heart, Florian, to hazard her destruction and your own, in preference to an office essential to the existence of civil society, and from which that obedience to the laws, which is the first duty of a good citizen, removes all self-reproach? With a due sense of the importance of your official duties, you will find yourself sustained in the performance of them; and a practised hand will soon give you firmness enough to follow a vocation attended with no personal risk: but, if you determine to leave me, where will you find resolution to face the perils which surround you? and, if you escape them, how are you to compete in the race of life with the daring and the fleet?"

The appalling alternatives held out to Florian by the politic headsman, and the consciousness of his own inability either to escape the police, or to steer his way successfully through the shoals and quicksands of life, rendered him incapable of argument or reply. He had for some months been cut off from all that freedom has to bestow—he had neither relations nor friends on whose interposition he could firmly rely; he recollected with agony that every heart beyond the limits of his present home was steeled against him—that every hand was ready to seize and betray him. Should he quit this safe asylum, and even establish his innocence of the imputed murder, his ignorance of the world, and his invincible timidity and self-distrust, would make him the prey of any plausible knavery. Bewildered and stupefied by contending emotions, his mind became palsied by despair, and his powers of resistance began to fail him. The headsman saw his advantage; but, satisfied with the impression he had made upon his hapless victim, he ceased to press any immediate decision, told him to consider of the proposal, and went to his vineyard; while Florian, hastening to his Madelon, was assailed by all the witchery of sighs and tears; by looks, which alternately pleaded and upbraided; and by inspiring and cogent arguments,

which shamed him into temporary resolution. Thus alternately intimidated by the deep tones and stern denunciations of the father, encouraged by the specious reasonings of the daughter, or soothed by her resistless fascinations; assured, too, by the headsman, that for some years sentences of decapitation, with rare exceptions, had been commuted for the galleys—his power to contend with his tempter abandoned him: he dropped, like the fascinated bird, into the jaws of the serpent; and, yielding to his destiny, he commenced his training in a vocation from which every feeling in his nature, and every dictate of his understanding, recoiled with abhorrence.

It was no sacrifice, to one of his timid and fastidious habits, to abandon a world in which he had ever found himself an alien, and which he now thought confederated to persecute and destroy him. He submitted in uncomplaining resignation to his fate, and ere long found relief in the growing attachment of the headsman and his daughter. His pure and affectionate heart, and the undeviating rectitude of his principles and conduct, soon won the entire esteem of the old man, whose better feelings had not been blunted by his official duties; while the light-hearted and bewitching Madelon, who now loved almost to idolatry a man so incomparably superior to any she had hitherto known, delighted to cheer his hours of sadness, and watched his every wish with intense and unwearied solicitude. Meanwhile, the old man had quietly made every requisite preparation, and a month after the assent of Florian to his proposal, the lovers were united. The official appointment of Florian, as adopted successor to the headsman, took place some days before the marriage, and it was stipulated by the town-authorities that, on the next ensuing condemnation of a criminal to death, he should prove on the scaffold his competency to succeed the executioner.

For many months after this appointment, every arrival of a criminal in



the town-prison struck terror into the heart of Florian. Happily, however, the assertion of the headsman that it was a growing practice of the judicial authorities to substitute the galleys for decapitation, was verified by the fact, and Florian enjoyed several years of domestic happiness, disturbed only by apprehensions which he could never subdue, that sooner or later the evil he so much dreaded would certainly befall him. Meanwhile, his beloved Maelon had made him the happy father of three promising boys, and he began to experience a degree of tranquillity to which he had long been a stranger; when, at a period in which the town-prison was untenanted, the long-dreaded calamity burst upon his devoted head like a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky.

His father-in-law received one morning, at breakfast, an order from the town-authorities to repair early on the following day to a city at ten leagues distance, and there to behead a criminal whose execution had been delayed by the illness and death of the resident headsman. At this unexpected intelligence, the features of Florian were blanched with horror, but the iron visage of the old executioner betrayed not the slightest emotion. Regardless of his son-in-law's terrors, he viewed this unexpected summons as a fortunate incident, and maintained, that any unskillfulness in decapitation would be of less importance at a distance than in his native town. He regarded also this brief summons as much more favorable to Florian's success than a longer foreknowledge, and urged in strong and decisive terms the necessity of submission to the call of duty. The blood of Florian froze as he listened, but he acquiesced as usual in timid silence. In the afternoon he yielded to the old man's wish, that he should give what the headsman termed a master-proof of his skill in the science of decapitation, and with cold sweat on his brow severed a number of cabbage-heads to the satisfaction of his teacher; while the sympathizing but energetic Made-

lon prepared a palatable meal, and endeavored, more successfully than her uncompromising parent, to sustain and cheer the drooping spirits of the husband she so entirely loved. She could not, however, always suppress her starting tears, and as the night approached, even the firm nature of the old headsman betrayed symptoms of growing anxiety, notwithstanding his endeavors to exhilarate himself by deep potations of his favorite wine.

After a night of wearying vigilance and internal conflict, the miserable Florian entered at daybreak the vehicle which awaited him and his father-in-law under the arched gateway. With a view to prevent his trembling substitute from witnessing all the preparations for the approaching catastrophe, the old man so measured his progress as to enter the city a few minutes before the appointed hour, and drove immediately to the scene of action, without pausing at the church to attend, as customary, the mass then performing in presence of the criminal. Soon after their arrival, the melancholy procession approached, and Florian, unable to face the criminal, turned hastily away, ascended the ladder with unsteady steps, and concealed himself behind the massive person of the old headsman, as the victim of offended justice with a firm and measured step mounted the scaffold. The old man felt for his shrinking son-in-law, but kept a stern eye upon him, in hopes to counteract the disabling effects of his rising agony. When, however, the decisive moment approached, he whispered to him encouragingly—"Be a man, Florian! Beware of looking at the criminal before you strike; but, when his head is lifted, look him boldly in the face, or the people will doubt your courage."

Florian fixed on him a vacant stare, but these kindly meant instructions reached not his inward ear. The remembrance of the execution he had witnessed with his friend Bartholdy had flashed upon him, and he recollected the taunting prediction—that he might himself be condemned to the



scaffold. His agony rose almost to suffocation; he compared his own destiny with that of the being whom he was about to deprive of life, and he felt that he could not unwillingly have taken his place. At this moment his attention was caught by the admiring comments of the crowd upon the courageous bearing and firm unflinching features of the criminal. Roused by these exclamations to a stinging consciousness of his own unmanly timidity, he made a powerful effort, and rallied his expiring energies into temporary life and action. The headsman now approached him with the broad axe, and whispered, "Courage, my son! 'tis nothing but a cabbage-head."

With a desperate effort, Florian seized the weapon, fixed his dim gaze upon the white neck of the criminal, and, guided more by long practice than by any estimate of place and distance, he struck the death-stroke. The head fell upon the hollow flooring of the scaffold with an appalling bounce, which petrified the unfortunate executioner. The consciousness that he had deprived a fellow creature of life, now smote him with a withering power, which for some moments deprived him of all volition, and he stood in passive stupor, gazing wildly upon the blood which streamed in torrents from the headless trunk. Immediately, however, his father-in-law again approached him, with a whisper. "Admirably done, my son! I give you joy! But recollect my warning, and look boldly at your work, or the mob will hoot you as a craven headsman from the scaffold."

The old man was obliged to repeat his admonition before it reached the senses of his unconscious son-in-law. Long accustomed to yield unresisting obedience, Florian slowly raised his eyes, at the moment when the executioner's assistant, after showing the criminal's head to the multitude, turned round and held out to him the bleeding and ghastly object.—Gracious Heaven! what were his feelings when he encountered a well-known face—when he saw the yellow pock-marked

visage of Bartholdy, whose widely opened milk-blue eyes were fixed upon him in the glassy, dim, and vacant stare of death!

Paralyzed with sudden and overwhelming horror, he fell senseless into the arms of the headsman, who had watched this critical moment, and, with ready self-possession, loudly attributed to recent illness an incident so puzzling to the spectators. He succeeded ere long in rousing Florian to an imperfect sense of his critical situation, and, supporting his tottering frame, led him to the house of the deceased executioner. For an hour after their arrival, the unhappy youth sat mute and motionless—the living image of despair. Agony in him had passed its wildest paroxysm, and settled down into a blind and mechanical unconsciousness. The old man, who began to suspect some extraordinary reason for emotion so excessive, compelled him to swallow several glasses of wine, and anxiously besought him to explain the cause of his impassioned deportment. It was long, however, before the disconsolate Florian regained the power of utterance. At length a burst of tears relieved him. "I knew him!" he began, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs. "He was once my friend. Oh, my father! there is no hope for me! I am a doomed man—a murderer! He stands before me ever, and demands my blood in atonement for his destruction. How can I justify such guilt? I never knew his crime—I cannot even fancy him a criminal—but I well remember that he loved and cherished me. Away, my father, if you love me, to the judges! I must know his crime, or the pangs I feel will never depart from me."

The executioner, in whose stern and inflexible nature feelings of pity, and even of repentance, were now at work, hastened to obtain some information, and returned in half an hour, with indications of anxiety and doubt too obvious to escape the unhappy Florian, who, with folded hands, exclaimed, "For God-sake, father, tell me all—I must know it, sooner or

later. Your anxiety prepares me for the worst. If you, a man of iron, are thus shaken"—

"I? Nonsense!" retorted the old man, somewhat disconcerted. "The fellow was a notorious villain, and was executed for two murders."

Florian, relieved by this intelligence, began to breathe more freely, and gazed upon the headsman with looks which sought farther explanation. "Florian, continued the old man, fixing upon him his stern and searching look, "when you told me the tale of your calamities at D., did you tell me *all*? Had you *no* reservations?"

"None, father, by all I hold most sacred!" replied Florian, with emphatic earnestness.

"One of Bartholdy's crimes," resumed the headsman, "was connected with your story. He is said to have slain the officer in whose murder you thought yourself implicated by suspicious appearances."

"*He*?" exclaimed Florian, gasping with horror. "No! by all that is great and good, he did *not* slay him! I have beheaded an innocent man, and the remembrance will cleave to me like a curse!"

"Can you *prove* that he had no share in that murder?" now sternly demanded the headsman, whose suspicions had been roused by Florian's acknowledgment of former intimacy with Bartholdy.

"I can swear to his innocence of *that* murder," vehemently replied Florian, whose energies rose with his excitement. "And the other crime?" he eagerly continued. "In mercy, father, tell me whom else he is said to have murdered?"

"*Yourself*!" said the old man, turning pale as he anticipated the effect of this communication,—“if the name inserted in the judicial summons from D. was really yours.”

For some moments Florian gazed upon him in speechless despair; his eyes became fixed and glassy—his jaw dropped—and he would have fallen from his chair had not the old man supported him. The headsman look-

ed with anxious and growing perplexity upon his unfortunate victim. "After all," he muttered, "he is my daughter's husband, and a good husband. I forced him to the task, and must, if possible, save him from the consequences."

By an abundant application of cold water to the face of Florian, he succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. The miserable youth opened his eyes, and, leaning on the old man's shoulders, burst into a passion of tears. When in some measure tranquillized, the headsman asked him soothingly if he was sufficiently collected to listen to him.

"Yes, father, I am," he replied, with an effort.

"Recollect then, my son," continued the old man, "that you are under the assured protection of the sword, and that you may open your heart to me without fear of consequences. Say then, in the first place, who are you?"

"I am no other, father," answered Florian, with returning energy, "than I have already acknowledged to you; and I was the early friend and school-fellow of the man whose blood I have shed upon the scaffold. But I must and will have clear proof of *every* crime imputed to Bartholdy," he exclaimed, in wild emotion. "Again I see his large dim eyes fixed on me in reproach; and if you cannot give me evidence that he deserved his fate, my remorse will goad me on to suicide or madness."

It was now evident to the old man that the suspicions he had founded on Florian's acknowledged intimacy with Bartholdy were groundless. Recollecting, too, the undeviating truth and honesty of Florian's character, he felt all the injustice of his suspicions; and his compassion for the tortured feelings of his son-in-law became actively excited. He clearly saw that nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, would satisfy him; he therefore determined to call upon the criminal's confessor; and, after prevailing upon the exhausted Florian to go to bed, he watched by him until he saw his

wearied senses sealed up in sleep, and then departed in quest of farther intelligence.

After three hours of undisturbed repose, which restored, in some measure, the exhausted strength of Florian, he awoke, and saw his father-in-law sitting by his bed, with a confident and cheerful composure of look, which spoke comfort to his wounded spirit.

"Florian," he began, "I have cheering news for you. I have seen the confessor of Bartholdy, a good old man, who feels for, and wishes to console you. He has long known the habits and character of the criminal. More he would not say, but he will receive you this evening at his convent, and will not only impart to you the consolations of religion, but reveal as much of the criminal's previous life as the sacred obligations of a confessor will permit. Meanwhile, my son, you must rouse yourself from this stupor, and accompany me in a walk round the city ramparts."

After a restorative excursion, they repaired, at the appointed hour, to the Jesuit convent, and were immediately conducted to the cell of the confessor, an aged and venerable priest, who gazed for some seconds in silent wonder on the dejected Florian, and then, laying a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! Florian, is it possible that I see you alive?"

The startled youth raised his downcast eyes at this exclamation, and recognised in the Jesuit before him the worthy superior of the school at which he had been educated, and the same who had congratulated him on the disappearance of Bartholdy. This discovery imparted instant and unspeakable relief to the harassed feelings of Florian. The years he had passed under the paternal care of this benevolent old man arose with healing influence in his memory; and losing, in the sudden glow of filial regard and entire confidence, all his wonted timidity, he poured his tale of misery

and remorse into the sympathizing ear of the good father, with the artless and irresistible eloquence of a mind pure from all offence. The confessor, who listened with warm interest to his recital, forbore to interrupt its progress by questions. "I rejoice to learn," he afterwards replied, "that Bartholdy, although deeply stained with crime, quitted this life with less of guilt than he was charged with on his conscience. The details of his confession I cannot reveal, without a breach of the sacred trust reposed in me. It is enough to state, that he was deeply criminal. Without reference, however, to his more recent transgressions, I can impart to you some particulars of his earlier life, and of his implication in the murder you have detailed, which will be sufficient to relieve your conscience, and reconcile you to the will of Him, who, for wise purposes, made you the blind instrument of well-merited punishment. Know then, my son, that when Bartholdy was supposed by yourself and others to have absconded from the seminary, he was a prisoner within its walls. Certain evidence had reached the presiding fathers, that this reckless youth was connected with a band of plundering incendiaries, who had for some months infested the neighboring districts. Odious alike to his teachers and schoolfellows, repulsed by every one but you, and almost daily subjected to punishment or remonstrance, he sought and found more congenial associates beyond our walls; and, with a view to raise money for the gratification of his vicious propensities, he contrived to scale our gates at night, and took an active part in the plunder of several unprotected dwellings. At the same time, we received a friendly intimation from the police, that he was implicated in a projected scheme to fire and plunder a neighboring chateau, and that the ensuing night was fixed upon for the perpetration of this atrocity. Upon inquiry it was discovered that Bartholdy had been out all night, and it was now feared that he

had finally absconded. Happily, however, for the good name of the seminary, he returned soon after the arrival of this intelligence, and, as I now conjecture, with a view to re-possess himself of the knife he had left in your custody. He was immediately secured and committed to close confinement, in the hope that his solitary reflections, aided by our admonitions, would have gradually wrought a salutary change in his character. This confinement, which was sanctioned by his relations, was prolonged three years without any beneficial result; and at length, after many fruitless attempts, he succeeded in making his escape. Joining the scattered remnant of the band of villains dispersed by the police, he soon became their leader in the contrivance and execution of atrocities which I must not reveal, but which I cannot recollect without a shudder. In consequence of high winds and clouds of dust, the public walk and grove beyond the gate of D. had been some days deserted by the inhabitants, and the body of the murdered officer was not discovered until the fourth morning after your departure from the university. A catastrophe so dreadful had not for many years occurred in that peaceful district: a proportionate degree of abhorrence was roused in the public mind, and the excited people rushed in crowds to view the corpse, in which, by order of the police, the fatal knife was left as when first discovered; while secret agents mingled with the crowd, to watch the various emotions of the spectators. Guided by a retributive providence, Bartholdy, who had that morning arrived in D., approached the body, and gazed upon it with callous indifference, until the remarkable handle of his long-lost knife caught his eye. Starting at the well-remembered object, a deep flush darkened his yellow visage, and immediately the police-officers darted forward and seized him. At first he denied all knowledge of the knife, and, when again brought close to the body, he gazed upon it with all his

wonted hardihood; but, when told to take the bloody weapon from the wound, he grasped the handle with a shudder, drew it forth with sudden effort, and, as he gazed on the discolored blade, his joints shook with terror, and the knife fell from his trembling hand. Superstition was ever largely blended with the settled ferocity of Bartholdy's character, and I now attribute this emotion to a fear that his destiny was in some way connected with this fatal weapon, which had already caused his long imprisonment, and would now too probably endanger his life. This ungovernable agitation confirmed the general suspicion excited by his forbidding and savage exterior. He was immediately conveyed to the hotel of the police, and the knife was placed before him; but, when again interrogated, he long persisted in denying all knowledge of it. When questioned, however, as to his name and occupation, and his object in the city of D., his embarrassment increased, his replies involved him in contradictions, and at length he admitted that he *had* seen the knife before, and in *your* possession. This attempt to criminate you by implication, failed, however, to point any suspicion against one whose unblemished life and character were so well known in the university. Your gentle and retiring habits, your shrinking aversion from scenes of strife and bloodshed, were recollected by many present: their indignation was loudly uttered, and a friend of yours expressed his belief that you had quitted the city some days before the murder was committed. In short, this base and groundless insinuation of Bartholdy created an impression highly disadvantageous to him. A few hours later, intelligence arrived that the diligence in which you had left D. had been attacked by a band of robbers, while passing through a forest, the day after your departure. Several of the passengers had been wounded; some killed; others had saved themselves by flight; and, as you had disappear-

ed, it was now conjectured that Bartholdy had murdered you, and taken from your person the knife with which he had afterwards stabbed the young man in the grove. This presumptive evidence against him was so much strengthened by his sudden emotion at the sight of the weapon, and by the apparent probability that the murder of the young officer had succeeded the robbery of the diligence, that the watch and money found upon the body failed to create any impression in his favor, as it was conjectured, by the strongly-excited people, that he had been alarmed by passing footsteps before he had succeeded in rifling his victim. He was put into close confinement until farther evidence could be obtained; and, ere long, a letter arrived to your address from Normandy, stating the arrival of your trunk by the carrier, and expressing surprise at your non-appearance. A judicial summons, detailing your name and person, and citing you to appear and give evidence against the supposed murderer, led to no discovery of your retreat, and the evidence of your wounded fellow travellers was obscure and contradictory. Meanwhile, however, several of the robbers who had attacked the diligence were captured by the *gens-d'armes*. When confronted with Bartholdy, their intelligence was sufficiently obvious, and he at length confessed his co-operation in the murderous assault upon the travellers; but stoutly denied that he had either injured or even seen you amongst the passengers, and as tenaciously maintained his innocence of the murder committed in the grove. Your entire disappearance, however, his emotion on beholding the knife, and his admission that he knew it, still operated so strongly against him, that he was tried and pronounced guilty of three crimes, each of which was punishable with death. During the week succeeding his trial, he was supplied by a confederate with tools, which enabled him to escape and resume his predatory habits; nor was he re-

taken until a month before his execution, while engaged in a robbery of singular boldness and atrocity. He was recognised as the hardened criminal who had escaped from confinement at D.; and as the authorities were apprehensive that no prison would long hold so expert and desperate a villain, an order was obtained from Paris for the immediate execution of the sentence already passed upon him at D. Thus, although guilty of one only of the three crimes for which he suffered, the forfeiture of ten lives would not have atoned for his multiplied transgressions. From boyhood even he had preyed upon society with the insatiable ferocity of a tiger; and you, my son, ought not to murmur at the decree which made your early acquaintance with him the means of stopping his savage career, and your hand the instrument of retribution."

The concluding words of the venerable priest fell like healing balm upon the wounded spirit of Florian, who returned home an altered and a saddened, but a sustained and a devout man: deeply conscious that the ways of Providence, however intricate, are just; and more resigned to a vocation, to which he now conceived that he had been for especial purposes appointed. He followed, too, the advice of the friendly priest, in leaving the public belief of his own death uncontradicted; and, as he had not actually witnessed the murder in the grove near D., he felt himself justified in withholding his evidence against an individual, of whose innocence there was a remote possibility.

The mental agony of the unfortunate young headsman had been so acute, that a reaction upon his bodily health was inevitable. Symptoms of serious indisposition appeared the next day, and were followed by a long and critical malady, which, however, eventually increased his domestic happiness, by unfolding in his Madelon nobler and higher attributes than he had yet discovered in her character. No longer the giddy and

laughter-loving Frenchwoman, she had, for some years, become a devoted wife and mother; but it was not until she saw her husband's gentle spirit forever blighted, and his life endangered for some weeks by a wasting fever, that she felt all his claims upon her, and bitterly reproached herself as the sole cause of his heaviest calamities. During this long period of sickness, when all worldly objects were waning around this man of sorrows, she watched, and wept, and prayed over him with an untiring assiduity and self-oblivion, which developed to the grateful Florian all the unfathomable depths of woman's love, and proved her consummate skill and patience in all the tender offices and trying duties of a sick-chamber. Her health was undermined, and her fine eyes were dimmed forever by long-continued vigilance: but her assiduities were at length rewarded by a favorable crisis; and when the patient sufferer was sufficiently restored to bear the disclosure, she kneeled to him in deep humility, and acknowledged, what the reader has doubtless long conjectured, that *she* had, from an upper window, caused that ominous jarring of the sword and axe which induced her father to suspect and follow him, and which eventually led to their marriage.

Florian started in sudden indignation; but his gentle nature, and the hallowed influences of recent sickness and calamity, soon prevailed over his wrath. What *could* he say? How could he chide the lovely and devoted woman, whose fraud had grown out of her affection for him! In an instant he forgot his own sorrows; and, as he listened to the mournful and beseeching accents of her who was the mother of his children, and had been unto him, in sickness and in health, a ministering angel, his anger melted into love. He had no words; but, like the father of the humbled prodigal, he had compassion, and fell upon her neck and kissed her, and forgave her entirely, and forever.

The old headsman survived these events several years; and, while his strength continued equal to the effort, he spared his son-in-law from the trying duties of his office. After his death, however, his successor was compelled to encounter the dreadful task. For sometime before and after each execution sadness sat heavy on his soul, but yielded gradually to the sustaining influence of fervent prayer, and to the caresses of his wife and children. In the intervening periods he regained comparative tranquillity, and devoted himself unceasingly to the education of his boys, and to the labors of his field and vineyard. I have been told, however, that since the execution of Bartholdy he was never seen to smile; and that, when gazing on the joyous sports of his unconscious children, his eyes would often fill with tears of sorrowing anticipation. Thus many years elapsed: his boys became men, and the training and nomination of one of them as his successor, renewed in the heart of the fond father all those bitter pangs which the soothing agency of time and occupation had lulled to comparative repose.

By the French laws the son of an executioner *must* succeed his father, or see the family estate transferred to strangers. When the old headsman was near his end, his son-in-law pledged himself by oath to train a son as his own successor. His eldest boy, who blended with his father's gentle manners some portion of his mother's courage, evinced, from an early age, such determined antipathy to this vocation, that the appointment was transferred to the second son, who had inherited the masculine spirit and prompt decision of his mother. Unhappily, however, soon after his nomination, he died of a malignant fever. His sorrowing mother, who had for some time observed symptoms of declining health in her husband, and was indescribably solicitous to see him relieved from his official duties, prevailed upon her youngest son, in absence of her first-born, to accept the appointment. But this youth,



not then nineteen, and in mind and person the counterpart of his timid father, was equally unsuited to the formidable calling. Well knowing, however, that his refusal would deprive his parents of the home and the support so essential to their growing infirmities, he strung his nerves to the appalling task, and, at the next execution, he mounted the scaffold as his father's substitute. But, alas! at the decisive moment his strength and resolution failed him. His sight grew dim with horror, and he performed his trying duty so unskillfully, that the people groaned with indignation at the protracted sufferings of the unfortunate criminal, and the town-authorities pronounced him unqualified. The consequence of this disastrous failure was an immediate summons to the eldest son, who had for several years thought himself finally released from this terrible appointment. So unexpected a change in his destination fell upon him like a death-blow; and, as he read the fatal summons, he felt the sword and axe grating on his very soul.

It was on a dark and gusty evening in November, about five-and-thirty years after the time referred to at the commencement of the preceding tragical narrative, that it was related to Professor N. and three students belonging to a university in Northern Germany, who were assembled in the Professor's study. The narrator was also a student of the university—a tall and handsome youth—of retiring habits and almost invincible taciturnity, but distinguished by great intellectual promise. There was to be an execution on the following day, and he had called upon the Professor for the purpose of obtaining, through his influence, permission to stand near the criminal at the moment of decapitation. This request excited no little surprise in the mind of the Professor, who was well aware of his gentleness and fastidiousness, both by nature and habit. The young man replied, that as he might embrace the medical pro-

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fession, it was essential to his purpose to steel his nerves by inuring them to every trying spectacle. The Professor promised to introduce him in the morning to his nephew, who was to command the detachment ordered on duty for the melancholy occasion. The conversation of the Professor and the three students now turned upon the poor wretch who was so soon to bend his neck to the executioner—and from him their thoughts naturally adverted to the executioner himself. One of them spoke with utter detestation of the man who could, with a firm eye and unsparing hand, shed the blood of a fellow creature—of one who had never injured him in deed or thought. The Professor in reply hoped, for the honor of human nature, that many of those who fulfil this terrible duty possess strong feelings of reluctance and compassion; but he could not believe that this vocation was voluntarily adopted by any man who had not, through early training or a long course of crime, blunted the best feelings of human nature.

Julius Arenbourg, the student before mentioned, who had hitherto as usual been a silent but attentive listener, now addressed the Professor with an animation which surprised all present, who were acquainted with the fact that his replies were generally either commonplaces or monosyllables, and that he rarely uttered a connected sentence. He knew, he said, an instance of adoption which afforded decisive evidence, that even a youth of education and refinement, of spotless integrity, diffident, gentle, and humane to a fault, might be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to undertake an office from which his nature recoiled with abhorrence, and from which, in that instance, he would have been saved by a higher degree of moral courage. In proof of this assertion, he detailed the strange and eventful history which we have given in the preceding pages. He began in tones which, though tremulous at first, became deep and impressive as he proceeded. Towards the conclusion



his mournful voice quivered with suppressed emotion, and as he finished his eyes were clouded with tears. He rose abruptly to depart, and informing the Professor that he should claim his promise of assistance in introducing him within the circle at the execution on the morrow, he shook hands with him and the students, and retired.

\* \* \* \*

On the following evening Professor N. determined to seek Julius at his lodgings, and requested one of the students to accompany him. He knew the street, but not the house, in which the young man resided; and as soon as they had entered the street, their attention was excited by a tumultuous assemblage of people at no great distance. Hastening to the spot, the Professor ascertained from a bystander that the crowd had been collected by the loud report of a gun or pistol in the apartments of a student. Struck with an appalling presentiment, the Professor and his companion forced a passage to the house-door, and were admitted by the landlord, to whom the former was well known. "Tell me!" exclaimed the Professor, gasping with terror and suspense, "Is it Julius Arenbourg?"

"Alas! it is indeed," replied the other. "Follow me up stairs, and you shall see him."

They found the body of the ill-fated youth extended on the bed, and a pistol near him, the ball of which had gone through his heart. His fine features, although somewhat contracted by the peculiar action of a gunshot wound, still retained much of their bland and melancholy character. The landlord and his family wept as they related that Julius, their favorite lodger, who had been seen standing, at the time of the execution, with folded arms, and eager gaze, within a few feet of the scaffold, had returned home with hurried steps, and a countenance of death-like paleness. Without speaking to the children, as was his wont, he had locked the door of his apartment, where he remained several hours, and then hastened with some letters to the post-office. In a few

minutes after his return, the fatal shot summoned them to his room, where they found him dying and speechless. "But I had nearly forgotten," concluded the landlord, "that he left upon his table a letter addressed to Professor N."

The worthy man opened the letter with a trembling hand, and, in a voice husky with emotion, read the contents to his companion.

"From you, my dear Professor, and from my younger friends, though but friends of yesterday, I venture to solicit the last kindness which human sympathy can offer. If, as I dare to hope, I have some hold upon your good opinion, you will not refuse to see my remains interred with as much decency as the magistrates will permit. In my purse will be found enough to meet the amount of this and every other claim upon me.

"I have yet another boon to ask, and one of vital moment to my unhappy relatives. I have prepared them to expect intelligence of my death by fever; and surely my request, that the subjoined notice of my decease may be inserted in the papers of Metz and Strasburg, will not be disregarded by those whose kindness taught me the value of existence when I had no alternative but to resign it.

"That those earthly blessings, which were denied to me and mine, may be abundantly vouchsafed to you, is the fervent prayer of the unhappy

JULIUS.

"Died of fever, at ———, in Germany, Julius Florian Laroche, a native of Champagne, aged 22."

"Alas!" exclaimed the deeply-affected Professor, "the mystery is solved, and my suspicions were too well founded. Sad indeed was thy destiny, my Julius, and sacred shall be thy last wishes!"

Kissing the cold brow of the deceased, he hung over his remains in silent sorrow, and breathed a fervent prayer for mercy to the suicide; then giving brief directions for the funeral, the Professor and his friend paced slowly homeward, in silence and in tears.

## ON LANGUAGE AND STYLE AS POETICAL VEHICLES,

ESPECIALLY AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE WRITINGS OF CRABBE, WORDSWORTH,  
AND BYRON.

IN the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, it is contended by Wordsworth that the language of poetry is not essentially different from that of prose—and that the manners of humble life, as they are more immediately derived from nature and mind, must consequently be the best groundwork for the structures of the muse. At least, stripped of adventitious colorings, we take this to be the basis of his peculiar doctrines.

Of the former proposition we do not intend at present taking any farther notice, having partly discussed its merits in our essay on the genius of the author of "*the Excursion*;" but, with regard to the latter, we must, in a word, remark that it is either erroneous, or that we do not understand it.

Those who fill the superior walks of life, or in other words, the upper classes of society, vary from those in the lower, not in difference of mental organization, but in difference of mental pursuit; not in the configuration of their faculties, but in the purposes to which they are applied. The son of a peasant is not more a child of nature, strictly so speaking, though born in a cottage, within a sequestered valley surrounded by the green forests and "the mountains old," than is the son of a prince, brought forth in a palace, with its "stuccoed roofs, and frescoed walls," amid the stir and bustle of a metropolitan city. It is education (taking that word in its least restricted sense) that creates the difference between them. It is the knowledge of man and things derived directly from intercourse with the living world, through personal observation, or indirectly from intercourse with the mind of past ages through "the spectacles of books." This is leading the principles of thought into proper channels; directing speculation to proper objects; "teaching the young idea how to shoot." This is

festooning the vine to the wall, and not allowing it to trail along the soil in the untamed luxuriance of nature. Now, will the grapes thus produced be inferior in color or flavor—or, to bring the simile still more directly home to the argument before us, will they be more unnatural than grapes on a vine that "wastes its sweetness on the desert air"? Certainly not.

Education is only the culture of the faculties, and not an eradication of the principles of mind. The motives of the peasant, directed to the accomplishment of any given object, are not more likely to be right, or—if the reader will so have it—natural, because they proceed wholly from the impulses of his own untutored reason, than those of the man who brings in the experience and observation of other men to his aid; simply from this cause, that such experience and such observation were gained from similarly constituted beings, called upon to judge in similar situations. Nature is not synonymous with whatever is lowly, nor art with whatever is elevated. Mankind are but members of one great family; from its loftiest to its lowest grade, society is endowed with the same mental and corporeal appetencies, elevated by the same emotions, and subjected to the same infirmities. The difference alone consists in the language by which men express their wants or wishes; and if any favorable prognoses may be found of Wordsworth's theory, it is here we are to look for it.

The truth, however, is, that the apophthegms and practice of the patriarch of the Lake School, if they are not in direct opposition, at least cannot be said to coincide. The selection of his pictures from life may be taken from a humble enough sphere, Cumberland Beggars, Gipsies, Idiot Boys, and old Peter—

Who, though he had but one eye left,  
His cheek was like a cherry ;

and, although the incidents he may prefer for imaginative embellishment may be as trivial and as simple as possible, yet no one will venture to say that the language in which his ideas are embodied is either without figure or unadorned. His diction, his expression, the physiognomy of his writings, both in prose and verse, are eminently scholastic ; and, in the whole range of our literature, we do not know of a single writer in whom the conception and the expression are so utterly unlike, and at such complete variance.

Were we to expatiate a little farther on this theme, it could readily be shown that the scenes of high and low life are chiefly distinguished by the intensity of degree which the faculty of imagination exerts over them. In him whose daily pittance, gleaned from severe physical exertion, is scarcely adequate for supplying the necessities of life, the faculties must be chained down as with a band of iron. He is doomed to severe reality, and his judgment domineers over his fancy with a steady tyranny, which ever forbids its exertion. Low life, in its intensity and "utter nakedness," is not therefore adapted to poetry ; it is thoroughly prosaic, and all its associations are anti-poetical.

Of what *materiel*, then, it may be asked, is the poetry of Wordsworth constituted ? His poetry is a representation of common life, not viewed with the eye of reality, but as it is reflected in the mirror of imagination. The outlines only remain the same, but the coloring is his own. The poetry of Crabbe is a much better illustration of Wordsworth's theories reduced to practice ; and, if we wish to see any exemplification of them, we would do well to turn from the "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Excursion," to the pages of "the Village" and "the Parish Register." Let us take, for example, the following description—(and it is an exceedingly beautiful one)—of a manufactory, where poor

children are employed, and contrast it with a pauper scene from Crabbe.

An unnatural light,  
Prepared for never-resting labor's eyes,  
Breaks from a many-window'd fabric huge ;  
And, at the appointed hour, a bell is heard,  
Of harsher import than the curfew knoll,  
That spoke the Roman Conqueror's stern behest—

A local summons to unceasing toil !  
Disgorge are now the ministers of day ;  
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,  
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door—

And in the courts—and where the rambling stream,  
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,

Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed  
Among the rocks below. Then, maidens, youths,

Mother and little children, boys and girls,  
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes  
Within this temple, where is offer'd up  
To gain—the master idol of the realm—  
Perpetual sacrifice. *Excursion.*

The handling, the style, and the execution of this, are widely different—although not so the subjects—from those of the following. It is the description of a Parish Poor House. In the above, truth is conveyed to us by bold outline and majestic versification ; while, in Crabbe, we shall find the same result to proceed from bald unadornment, and a minute circumstantiality, similar to that of the Flemish school of painting.

There in yon house, that holds the parish poor,  
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door,—

There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,  
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day,—

There children dwell, who know no parent's care ;

Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;

Heart-broken matrons, on their joyless bed,  
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;  
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,  
And crippled age, with more than childhood's fears !

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !  
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick, their final doom receive—  
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief to grieve ;

Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,

Mix'd with the clamors of the crowd below ;  
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,

And the cold charities of man to man :  
Whose laws, indeed, for ruin'd age provide,  
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;

But still that scrap is brought with many a sigh,

And pride embitters what it can't deny.  
Say, ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,  
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;  
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,

With timid eye, to read the distant glance;  
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,  
To name the nameless ever-new disease;  
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,

Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;  
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,  
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?  
How would you bear to draw your latest breath  
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room, which one rude beam divides,  
And naked rafters, from the sloping sides;  
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,

And lath and mud are all that lie between:  
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd,  
gives way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day.  
There, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,  
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;  
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,  
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;  
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,  
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

Wordsworth's delineations are too vividly colored by his all-absorbing imagination, to bear any striking resemblance to the scenes of real life and existing nature. In his selection of poetical subjects, he always prefers those which are picturesque, and we have nothing of them but what their picturesqueness affords. In his highly original ballad of "The Thorn," this is strikingly illustrated.

And close beside this aged thorn,  
There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
A beauteous heap, a bill of moss,  
Just half a foot in height.

All lovely colors there you see,  
All colors that were ever seen;  
And mossy net-work too is there,  
As if by hand of lady fair  
The work had woven been.

As also in Peter Bell, about whom hung the savage aspect of "marshes and of dreary moors;" the old serving-man of Ivor-hall, whose livery coat "was fair behind and fair before;" and Goody Blake, in the overt act of stealing sticks for her fire from the hedge of Harry Gill—

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing—  
While Harry held her by the arm—  
"God! who art never out of hearing,  
O may he never more be warm!"  
The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray.

We could quote fifty other instances. He listens to the speech (as in the ballad of "The Beggars"), and attends to the association in the ideas of human beings (as in the splendid poem, "Resolution and Independence"), not to find actually, but to make poetry out of elements the most uncongenial. People in his pages are made to talk, as if from a consciousness that their thoughts were regulated by metaphysical laws, and as if each of their actions was to be noted down as the operation of some distinct faculty of mind, in accordance with his own poetical classification. In every touch he makes there is an end to be gained—it is done for a specific purpose. He endeavors to reduce human life, which is truly "a thing of shreds and patches," to a system, and does not content himself, like Crabbe, with a series of detached pictures, illustrative of the manners of society, its virtues and its vices. Compare, for instance, his admirable picture of the deserted wife in "The Excursion," whose very child

Had caught the trick of grief,  
And sigh'd amid its playthings,  
with Crabbe's equally admirable sketch of Phoebe Dawson, illustrative of a similar heart-breaking calamity, and the justice of our remark will at once appear obvious.

Wordsworth takes everything in its most imaginative, consequently in its most poetical, point of view—Crabbe, in the darkest aspect of its reality. Wordsworth paints the shepherd's sheiling as the abode of independence, honor, and the household virtues, sweet as the shepherd's own pipe

Upon the mountains,  
With all his little flock at feed beside him.  
Crabbe shows the incompatibility, in almost all instances, of integrity with abject dependence; and, in his own words,

Paints the cot  
As truth would paint it, and as bards would not.

Indeed, exaggeration is one of the besetting sins of the Lake School. Coleridge says of his "Ancient Mariner," that he

Is long, and lank, and lean  
As is the ribbed sea sand.

Wilson, in apostrophising a sleeping child, beautifully imagines it to have communication with Heaven in its dreams :—

Sometimes sudden sights of grace,  
Such is the gladness of thy face,  
O sinless babe ! by God are given,  
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

Southey dwells with delight on the  
"Bird of Ages," that

Had a human meaning in its eye.

Keats speaks of

A little noiseless noise amid the leaves,  
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

Shelly carries his rapturous contemplation of flowers to the length of endowing them with human sensibilities :

The naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom love makes so fair, and passion so pale,  
And narcissi, that gaze in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

The pages of Wordsworth abound with illustrations. In "the Excursion" he compares the bleating of a strayed lamb among the hills to distant thunder ; and, in the introduction to Peter Bell, he declares

There's something in a flying horse,  
There's something in a huge balloon ;  
But through the clouds I'll never float  
Until I have a little boat,  
Whose shape is like the crescent moon.

Crabbe's notions are at antipodes with all this. He strips nature of her artificial disguises, and anatomizes error with a skill as unshrinking as it is repulsive. Wordsworth says that "the child is father of the man ;" and Crabbe so far acquiesces in the philosophy, as, in the boy, to behold the seeds of those vices which are to deform his manhood.

From both Wordsworth and Crabbe having chosen plebeian life as the principal *materiel* of their poetry, their peculiar characteristics are thus rendered more distinctly prominent ; as, in the handling of their subjects, they have scarcely one excellence in common. Wordsworth wishes to dignify human nature ; Crabbe to show it as it is—and not generally in its more favorable aspects. In accordance with these particular views, the one lays

his scene in the country, the other in the city or village. The one throws around his peasants the grandeur of external nature ; the sublimity of the mountains—the chastened beauty of the valleys—the woods in their awful silence, or when "tossing and roaring like a sea"—the dreary solitude of the heath—the silver expanse of the waters, where the swan

Floats double, swan and shadow—

the rural quiet of the pastoral hamlet, and the simple innocence of country life. The other turns from these to the crowded mart and the noisy street—to children in ignorance, manhood in error, and old age in garrulous imbecility—to the over-reaching merchant and the heartless debauchee—to the tinker and the poacher—to the drunkard blaspheming over his beer—to the nefarious churchwarden—to the slattern and the scold—to "forsaken wives, and mothers never wed."

Taken all in all, we consider Crabbe the truest, the minutest, the most faithful, delineator of life and manners, as exhibited in our own day, that our literature can boast of ; and as the most poignant satirist that ever kept himself above the lowness of personality. His portraits are fac-similes of actual existence ; and we recognise them in an instant, although they seldom give us reason to be proud of their acquaintance. In the exhibition of a series, almost all of whom can be considered in scarcely any other light than as blots on human nature, we regret that he has not more frequently presented us with likenesses, which, we fondly hope, would be possessed of equal truth and more amiability.

The heroes of Byron are equally erring and equally wretched. Childe Harold passes from a youth of error into a manhood of misanthropy ;

For he through sin's long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss.

The Giaour flies off with the bride of another, whom, on her death, he murders ; Selim falls in love with Zuleika, his supposed sister, and is shot by his uncle Gaffier ; the Corsair, according to his own verses,

Left a name to other times,  
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes ;  
and, to crown all, he has added cart-  
loads of flagrancies to the charge of  
Don Juan, who, long ere his celebra-  
tion of him, was,

Even in the Pantomime,  
Sent to the Devil long before his time.

In fact, they are almost all, from Harold and Manfred to Sardanapalus and Cain, the slaves of perverted principles and tempestuous passions. They differ from Crabbe's in their situations being elevated—their deportment majestic—and their lineaments classical. Even in their degradation, they bear the stamp of native nobility. Like the ruins of an ancient fortress, they breathe an air of commanding dignity ; and scowl aloof in princely exaltation from the contamination of every meaner thing—

Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd.

Their vices are brought forward in reflections upon their conduct, but carefully avoided in the incidents described. We are told that they are ruffians ; but we see them act like heroes : and if we are informed in one page that they are at war with the world and themselves, we are sure to behold them, in the next, the devoted worshippers of female loveliness—the slaves of an overwhelming and volcanic affection, alternately blessing them

and rendering them miserable—a passion which is the star of their dark and troubled night, the rainbow over the tempests of existence.

Crabbe works on different materials : the weakness and malevolence of the heart ; the frailties of the human frame, and the human intellect ; the obtuseness of the feelings ; the pride of conceited ignorance ; the petty artifices of society. Nothing, at a *prima facie* view of the subject, could be well imagined more repulsive and less poetical than such materials ; and no one could well see how they were to be rendered interesting. Yet the truth is, that under the management of Crabbe they are made to enchain and rivet attention, producing a degree of excitement in the mind, which borders on oppression. The interest of his poetry is totally and intrinsically different from that of "the Beggar's Opera," which is nothing more than an admirably sustained paradox, in which vice assumes the lineaments almost of virtue. Gay's heroes and heroines sing and moralize, declaim and talk witticisms, with all the gaiety and grace imaginable, although they are the very persons to whom "right and wrong are accidents," and who ought, as Shakspeare hints by implication, "to have no music in them."

#### AFRICAN PANTOMIME.

DURING our stay at Katunga (says Mr. Lander in his "African Records," recently published) we were witnesses to a kind of pantomime, which amusement the inhabitants generally prefer, in honor of the caboceros, whenever they pay a visit to the king, as was the case in this instance. The place chosen for the exhibition was a large enclosure, contiguous to the king's residence, covered with verdure, and as level as a bowling-green. It was rendered particularly pleasant by the refreshing shade afforded by clumps of tall trees,

which studded the spot in all directions. Two huge shapeless rocks of crumbling granite marked the limits of the play-ground to the south ; the king's house those to the north ; and a range of trees intercepted the view to the east and west. A lofty fan-palm-tree grew in the centre of the place, under the branches of which the actors were accommodated ; and a temporary fence, erected round its trunk, screened them from observation, whenever they chose to remain concealed. A most astounding din from drums, horns, and whistles, was

the signal for the performers to begin their manoeuvres. The first act consisted of dancing, capering, and tumbling, by about twenty men, enveloped in sacks, which novel and elegant diversissement was continued with admirable spirit for a full half hour, when the contents of the sacks becoming fatigued, bundled themselves back to the palm-tree. The second act commenced almost immediately after, with attempting to catch the *boa constrictor*. To effect this object, one of the dancing sacks came out of the place of its concealment, and fell gently and most conveniently to the ground, when a monstrous mis-shapen figure, with an enormous head-dress, from which streamed a variety of strips of scarlet damask and country cloth, slowly approached the recumbent sack from behind the fence. The figure was of most gigantic stature, and changed its appearance as often as the enchanted Turk in our puppet-shows. It held in its hand a sword, and by its motions, as well as the commanding attitude it assumed over the other actors, appeared to be the director of the pageant. Another fellow in a sack was then brought out, and being placed bolt upright by the side of the figure, by the application of a slight blow fell near to its peaceable companion, and by a little shifting contrived to get its head close to that of the other. The mouths of the two sacks having been previously unsewn, the contents of the one crawled into the other, and after these formalities the representation of the *boa* presently began. The reptile at first thrust its head out of the bag and attempted to lay hold of the tremendous figure, who contrived dexterously enough to make it draw itself into the sack again by a flourish of his weapon, which the knowing animal appeared to understand perfectly well. The head of the *boa* was then juttied out in a different direction, and by degrees the whole body protruded itself from the place of its confinement into open daylight, and remained exposed for a few seconds to the gaze of the multitude. It appeared to be

about fourteen feet in length, and by reason of the painted cloth with which it was covered, might easily be mistaken for the animal it was intended to represent. The angry monster, after a short pause, pursued the fantastical figure with the sword, rather slowly, to be sure, but withal very naturally, going through the motions of a snake, by coiling itself round like a rope, opening and shutting its jaws, and darting out its forked tongue; all of which elicited the rapturous applauses of the bystanders. But the pursued, although it never was at a greater distance from the reptile than a few feet, had not the courage to come in contact with its fangs. At length, at a given signal by the manager, the whole troop of actors rushed to the spot; they were then sackless, but their features were effectually concealed by masks reaching to the bosom. The figure then began to act on the offensive, by chopping the irritated monster's tail with his weapon, in a shocking and most unmerciful manner. The snake apparently writhed in agony, and convulsively twisted its body for a few moments, whilst it endeavored, without effect, to be revenged on its formidable adversary by extending its neck to bite; when life seeming to be extinguished, it was borne off, on the shoulders of the actors, to the fetish-house. The third and last part of this extraordinary ceremony consisted in the representation of the caricature of a white man. One of the sack-dancers, placed by himself on a clear spot of ground, near to the palm-tree, gradually detached his covering, and exposed the figure of a man, of a chalky whiteness, to the fixed looks of the people, who set up so terrific a shout of approbation as to startle us, prepared as we had been to expect some such explosion. The figure walked but indifferently well, and mimicked our actions as badly; the composition with which it was bedaubed evidently preventing the actor from using his limbs freely, or performing his part with the facility he could have wished. Although his



embarrassment was apparent to us, yet the populace did not seem to take any notice of this defect, and an universal roar of laughter expressed the delight which filled every bosom. The pantomimic incident had now attained its utmost bounds, and all eyes, swimming in tears, were directed first to us, and then to the intended representation of us, as much as to say, "What a faithful and striking resemblance!" We entered most cordially into the good humor of the moment, not so much on account of the clumsy

and unsightly figure before us, as to see a vast circle of white teeth grinning at the same moment, and producing an irresistibly ludicrous effect. After exhibiting himself in this manner about an hour, the white man was enveloped in his sack, and borne, like the serpent, to the fetish-house, when the amusements ended, and the people quietly dispersed. Between the acts we were entertained with a concert of drums and whistles, as well as country songs from the females, in the choruses of which the people joined.

### GRANAWAILE.

#### AN AMAZONIAN RECORD.

The romance of *real* life frequently exceeds, in an extraordinary degree, the studied novelties of fiction.

THE voice of revelry was heard within the walls of Howth Castle—a fortress, the site of which is yet distinguishable on the coast of the harbor of Howth, amidst the various alterations and interpolations to which it has been subjected. It was, in the sixteenth century, a very strong place, and deemed, on account of its ditches, ramparts, flanking towers, and bastions, almost impregnable;—besides which, the tried valor of Lord Howth's retainers, who garrisoned it, and their devotion to his cause, were well known. Revelry reigned now within the baronial hall of Howth Castle, and a deafening storm wildly raged without; but little recked the heroes of pike, long-bow, and arquebuss, for the angry yelling of the winds, and the furious dashing of the frothy waves, whilst they enjoyed the free circulation of the black-jack, the tale, and the song. A fierce and piercing blast, however, from the warder's horn, and several weighty blows falling rapidly upon the massy nail-studded outer portal of the Castle, aroused the attention of the wassailers; and one of them, despatched by the Earl to inquire who intruded upon the privacy of the Castle dinner hour, returned with a message to this purport:

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"Granawaile of Ireland, Queen of the Western Isles, having, upon her departure from the Court of Elizabeth of England, been driven by stress of weather into the harbor and port of Howth, demandeth of the Lord of the Manor, as a leal knight, succor and hospitality."

The Earl, enraged at the lack of etiquette and deference towards himself, which he fancied, or rather was willing to fancy, observable in the message of Granawaile, and little heeding the consequences which might ensue from exasperating the formidable Queen of the West, bade his henchman return this answer to the envoy of her Majesty:

"The Lord of Howth Castle hath a law, from which he cannot depart: therefore, to the greatest potentate in the universe could he not open the gates of his fortalice whilst he dines. Queen Granawaile is welcome to his hospitality if she will condescend to wait for it."

The reception which this answer to her request met with from the high-spirited Semiramis of Erin may easily be surmised; and vowing that the insolent Earl should drink the last drop of her blood, ere she ate a morsel of his bread, she ordered the driving

vessels, if possible, to be moored, resolving, should the sea spare herself and little fleet, to reconnoitre Castle Howth on the morrow, and plan its effectual destruction. Great as was the danger of being run a-ground on a lee shore, Granawaile's men, fired at the insult offered to their celebrated and beloved Queen, succeeded in performing her commands, and trusted that close reefing and stout cables would enable them to weather the blast, should its violence not increase, during the night. Providentially, the storm ere morning had not only considerably abated, but the wind had veered round to a quarter extremely favorable for the Queen's return. Granawaile was not, however, to be deterred from her stern purpose, even by the precarious nature of a fair wind; and the early dawn beheld the intrepid heroine, accompanied by a naval and military officer, surveying, with scientific eye, the exterior of that massy fortification, of which the interior had been so rudely denied to her gaze.

"That's a tremendous battery. Yonder situation for the arquebusiers would be terrible to us. The height and steepness of that scarp, and the depth of the ditch, are almost inconceivable: a sharp fire from such ramparts would sweep our vessels cleanly off the waters. But let us land our troops here; give us the advantage of this hill on our right, that woody ravine on our left, and the chapel and village in our rear, and the castle must be ours in no time."

Such, and many more, were the remarks of Granawaile, as she slowly wandered around the walls and outworks of the almost impregnable fortress; and feeling that, though she was formidable on the seas, her martial genius was little able to compete on land with that of those who raised such tremendous fortifications, and well knew how most advantageously to use them, she said to the admiral of her fleet, "No, Rimbauld, it will never do; we must draw the insolent Earl into Clew Bay; there perhaps

you will teach him, at a trifling expense, better manners; but to attack the bravo in such a strong hold is impossible!"

"How now, my little fellow!" continued she, addressing a fair boy, in whose lively countenance and brilliant eyes shone a sense and spirit above his years, "What! at play so early!—why, you have well filled your cap with stones, shells, and seaweed, whilst the eyes of many are not yet open."

"Hush! lady—hush!" said the child, "I ought not to go by myself further than the angle of yon bastion, but have stolen out of bounds this morning, to look at those strange ships which were beat about so in the great storm yesterday."

"Do you like ships, then?"

"Oh, yes—love them!"

"And were you ever in one, my little man?"

"Not I, indeed!—father fears I might be lost, and then Howth Castle, this fine place, which is to be mine, would go to my cousin Dermott."

Granawaile perceived her advantage; and, after a little cajolery on the part of herself and the officers, persuaded the young heir of Howth to visit, by way of a frolic, "the finest of those ships," which he was so anxious to see; but no sooner had he stepped on board *The Queen's Carrack*, than the signal to weigh anchor was given; and the vessels, slipped from their moorings, sailed "homeward bound" from the harbor in gallant style.

Granawaile, fully anticipating the issue of her bold abduction of the heir of Howth, was well prepared to meet the irritated Earl, of whose advancing armament she had, some months afterwards, a full view from the turrets of her favorite castle, which commanded a prospect of Clew Bay, and a vast expanse of ocean besides.

The heroine had posted troops around Clare Island, at such intervals as were permitted by the nature of the coast, in order to oppose Lord

Howth's landing, should he attempt it, and to give time to her own fleet to proceed to the scene of action and form for the engagement. She had now the satisfaction of observing the Earl's squadron considerably a-head of Achill Isle, and making for the Bay, where, with her principal maritime force, she had, in fact, prepared for his reception. Granawaile then slipped the cables of some of her favorite vessels, which were always coiled round the posts of her own bed when in harbor; and her naval officers, who had been previously instructed, commenced at this signal their preparations for action.

The Earl's squadron, though hastily collected, was not deficient either in strength or beauty, his vicinity to the port of Dublin rendering the equipment of a tolerable fleet no very difficult matter.

On entering the Bay, an envoy was despatched by the Earl to Granawaile, demanding the restoration of his son, "by her unlawfully abducted and detained, &c.; in default of which restoration, accorded in peace and courtesy, he, the Earl of Howth, held himself in readiness to give battle," &c. &c.

To which defiance Granawaile replied in his own spirit:

"The Lady of the Isles hath a law, from which she cannot depart: therefore could she not restore, to the greatest potentate in the universe, his son, unless he complied with her own conditions."

"Oh, never!" cried the impetuous Earl, "never will I—can I—bend me to a woman's will, or abide her pleasure!" Then signifying his determination, his fleet immediately formed in line of battle, and was imitated by that of the Princess—so that the rival armaments now stood opposed to each other, and ready to commence the engagement.

Immediately facing the vessel of the Earl appeared that of Granawaile,

distinguished from the rest by its gala array: and—oh! sight of unutterable anguish to a father's heart—the only son of the Earl of Howth lashed to the main-mast of *The Queen's Carrack*!

In a state bordering upon desperation, the Earl despatched to Granawaile a flag of truce; and, requiring the meaning of so cowardly an act, entreated the removal of his son ere the commencement of the engagement.

The wily heroine replied, that "she was guilty of no cowardly act; but, being Queen in her own dominions, would indubitably dispose of her prisoners as she thought proper; and that it was optional with the Earl of Howth to become the murderer of his own child, or to reclaim him without the effusion of blood, by acceding to her terms, which were these:—"That the gates of Howth Castle should stand open now, and forever, at the hours of meals; and that its lords should never refuse hospitality to the stranger who sought it there." Granawaile added, that "she allowed Lord Howth fifteen minutes after the reception of this message to consider of it; but that, should he then refuse to come to terms, she would fire the first shot herself, follow it by a broadside, and expect him to have the spirit and gallantry to return the compliment."

The terrified Earl took little time to deliberate; in a few minutes the colors of his lordly fleet were lowered to those of Granawaile, the Amazon of the Western Isles; who, with all the generosity and tenderness of her sex, deemed an innocent stratagem to save life far more heroic than the expenditure of a thousand volleys to destroy it! And in a short space the darling son, whose account of Granawaile's kindness to him during his captivity ensured for her the Earl's lasting gratitude and esteem, was locked in the arras of his anxious and idolizing father.\*

\* The leading incidents of this tale are strictly historical, though not, we have understood, generally known to English readers.

## THE STRANGER.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD, BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Come, list, while I tell of the heart-wounded stranger,  
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground,  
Where often at midnight the lonely wood-ranger  
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the home of that heart-stricken lady,  
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand ;  
But her features so sunn'd, and her eye-lash so shady,  
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,  
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;  
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,  
Like music that sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us ;  
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,  
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,  
All lovely and lone as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,  
For pale was her cheek with that spirit-like hue,  
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,  
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes when she sung,—oh ! but once to have seen them  
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ;  
While her looks and her voice made a language between them,  
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream—no skill could restore her,—  
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin was fast ;  
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,  
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor even in the grave is her sad heart reposing,—  
Still hovers her spirit of grief round her tomb ;  
For oft when the shadows of midnight are closing,  
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.

## THE THREE KINDS OF FERMENTATION.

IN the modern acceptance, the word fermentation expresses the changes which vegetable or animal matters spontaneously undergo, and which terminate in the production either of a vinous liquor, an acid liquor, or of a remarkable fetor.

Many chemists have considered these three different terminations as constituting three different kinds of fermentation. It is, however, more convenient to understand the whole series of changes as merely stages of one great process. And to this simple view it will be no objection to urge, that the last stage very often

takes place without being preceded by any other ; and that all the stages may be brought about separately. For, on the other hand, we have various instances in which they follow each other, not only in succession, but in an unvarying succession ; the second following the first, and the third following the second ; thus evincing consecutive stages. The following will serve as an illustration both of the process of fermentation and of its stages.

If some grape-juice be left to itself, at the ordinary temperature of summer, it soon begins to suffer remarka-

ble changes : the liquor becomes muddy ; an internal motion takes place ; the temperature perhaps rises ; a bubbling noise is heard, owing to the breaking of minute air-bubbles at the surface ; and the whole appears not only to boil, but it tends to boil over, its bulk being swollen by the envelopment of so many air-bubbles. On account of this resemblance to boiling, the process is called *fermentation*, from *fervere*, to boil. Meanwhile a dense froth, composed of these bubbles involved in viscid matter, rises to the surface, and after remaining there sometime, it parts with the involved air which floated it, and the viscid matter subsides to the bottom. At length the liquor remains tranquil, and soon after becomes transparent. The viscid matter possesses the property of exciting fermentation in certain other substances not spontaneously disposed to such a change, and hence it is called *ferment*, but commonly *yeast* or *barm*.

At this period it is found that the grape-juice has lost its natural sweetness ; the taste becomes strong, stimulating, and aromatic ; and it acquires the singular property of intoxicating, which it did not before possess. In short, it has become *vinous*, —it is wine ; and the whole series of phenomena constitute the *vinous fermentation*. An ardent or burning-tasted spirit may be now extracted from the vinous liquor, and the ardent spirit, when very strong, is called by chemists *alcohol*.

After these changes, the fermented liquor being preserved for sometime, corked in bottles if weak, or partially exposed to air if strong, and the temperature being maintained at about 75 degrees, a new set of phenomena will take place. Provided the quantity is large, a hissing noise is heard, and the temperature rises perhaps 10 or 15 degrees. A little gas is given out ; the liquid exhibits an intestine but inconsiderable motion ; floating shreds make their appearance, and at length partly subside and partly collect into a gelatinous cake which con-

tinually thickens. The liquor is now transparent ; the vinous flavor and the alcohol have disappeared ; and the taste has become extremely sour : in short, the wine is converted into vinegar, called in Latin *acetum* ; and although the obvious symptoms of fermentation are inconsiderable, the process is called the *acetous fermentation*.

If vinegar be kept for a length of time, its surface becomes covered with a green mould which constantly increases ; its acidity gradually disappears ; its peculiar pungent acid smell gives place to a highly disagreeable odor ; and, as this last effect proceeds from the rottenness (*putredo*) of the vegetable matter present, the whole change is called the *putrefactive fermentation*.

The change produced in dough, by the addition of yeast, is to be included in the class of vinous fermentations, although some chemists, on the supposition that dough, in that state, if distilled, did not yield alcohol, have insisted on drawing a distinction in this case, and proposed to call the effect produced *granary fermentation*. It is ascertained, however, that dough, in the state alluded to, will yield alcohol on distillation ; there are, consequently, no grounds for the distinction. In all cases of fermentation a certain quantity of moisture must be present ; and where the fermentation in question is the vinous, the body must be in a state of actual liquidity. A certain temperature is also necessary to support fermentation of any kind. The temperature most adapted to produce vinous fermentation is about 60° ; at 50° the process goes on with languor ; at 70° it is too rapid, and tends to the acetous stage ; at the freezing point it will not occur. On the other hand, at a high temperature far below the point of boiling water, it cannot exist.

Fermentation is produced by the action of certain substances, called *ferments*, on other substances, which, being capable of fermentation, are included in the term fermentable mat-

ters. Bodies susceptible of the vinous fermentation, (says Mr. Donovan,) do not undergo it, unless the proper ferment be present. A solution of pure sugar in water will not decidedly ferment unless yeast be added; nor will the juice of grapes, or other fruits, ferment, if they be deprived of a substance which they naturally contain analogous to yeast. The acetous fermentation has also its peculiar ferment; but this substance, it seems, has never been obtained in a separate form.

What is the nature of the different ferments which produce these changes? No answer can be given to the question put in this general form, as the researches of chemists have been particularly directed only to that one called *yeast*; and this accordingly is the only one the nature of which is at all understood, and our knowledge of it is still extremely imperfect.

Yeast has been variously represented by different chemists who have investigated it. Fabroni considered it identical with *gluten*. This is a substance contained in wheaten flour, which imparts to it the property of forming a tough paste with water; and which may be separated from the flour by kneading a handful of it under water, until it no longer communicates whiteness to the liquid. What then remains in the hand is a grey, tenacious, tough, elastic mass, stretching out and collapsing again like Indian rubber. The white matter which has mixed with the water soon subsides; it is starch: and of this, along with the gluten, was the original flour composed.

This gluten, or some modification of it, is what Fabroni considered to be the true vinous ferment; and he supported his opinion by some striking facts, which have been added to by the researches of Thenard. It was found that solution of sugar, which by itself does not ferment, does so, although feebly, if some gluten be added, and much better if the gluten be dissolved, as by the addition of tartar. Without the presence of tar-

tar, the juice of grapes refuses to ferment; and its effect is supposed to depend on its power of holding the natural ferment of the grape in solution. Gluten is not only contained in the different kinds of grain used for making fermented liquors, but also in different kinds of fruits, especially those which readily enter into spontaneous fermentation, as grapes and gooseberries. The juice of these fruits may be deprived of their yeast by heating and filtering. What remains on the filter is a tasteless substance, insoluble in water, and decomposable by heat into the same ultimate elements as yeast from grain. Grape-juice deprived of its yeast refused to ferment; but when its yeast was restored, the juice fermented freely. Fruit yeast added to solution of sugar caused an abundant fermentation; so also did wheat gluten in this solution, or in grape-juice deprived of its natural yeast.

If common yeast or barm be allowed to stand for sometime undisturbed in a tall vessel, a whitish curdy matter rises to the surface. This matter, if separated, will be found to be very active in exciting fermentation in saccharine liquors; at the same time the yeast remaining in the vessel has lost that power. It therefore follows, that this curdy matter is the true ferment: it is found to partake very much of the nature of gluten; and seems to differ very little from the yeast of the grapes, or of other fruits.

In some respects there are differences between the gluten of wheat flour and that obtained from yeast, or from the juice of fruits: one of the most important is, that gluten of grain is much less efficacious in exciting fermentation than that of fruits. As a spontaneous fermentation takes place in the juice of grapes, gooseberries, apples, and various other fruits, as well as in worts drawn from the nutritive grains, although it is exceedingly feeble, it would be sufficient evidence of the existence in these fruits and grains of the principle which excites fermentation, be its



name and nature what they may. And all the facts seem to prove that the gluten of wheat is either identical with, or a near approximation to, the nature of yeast. Most probably the latter is the truth; and, perhaps, *ferment* is as much a proximate principle of vegetables as sugar or starch, and extensively diffused throughout nature.

Seguin, however, has endeavored to prove that the true fermenting principle is *albumen*, which he found to exist in all those vegetables, the juice of which readily runs into decomposition. He even affirmed that animal albumen, as the white of egg, is capable of exciting fermentation,—a fact which Fabroni had denied. The opinion of Seguin seems to be ill supported.

The yeast of beer kept for some days in a close vessel, and at the temperature of 70° to 90°, undergoes the putrefactive fermentation. If the contact of oxygen be allowed, that gas is converted into carbonic acid, while probably a little water is also formed. Hence the yeast affords carbon, and perhaps a little hydrogen, to the oxygen. The grounds of the latter supposition are, that the volume of carbonic acid is somewhat less than that of the original oxygen. When the yeast is pressed, so as to separate the chief quantity of water, and exposed to a gentle heat, it dries into a hard granular substance which retains all the original properties for a great length of time. It may be preserved much longer by dipping twigs in it, and drying them in the air. By drying it is reduced to one-third of its weight. By maceration for sometime in boiling water, its fermentable powers are either greatly diminished or destroyed. (Thenard.)

From all the statements adduced, it therefore appears that the opinion of chemists, as to the nature of the proper subject of the vinous fermentation, is not contradicted by any known fact. It appears that sugar, or at least some saccharine matter, as we call the modifications of sugar,

is the only substance which supports the process in question; and that where sugar is not palpably present, its elements are, as also some substance which is the instrument by which they are arranged in such a way as to produce sugar. It may be converted into alcohol as soon as formed, and may thus escape detection *in transitu*. In seasons when,—the corn being very nearly ripe,—there are considerable falls of rain, the ears are bowed down to the earth; the grain is actually steeped in water, and a commencement of germination takes place. The grain is then said to be malted; that is, it has commenced the growing process, just as if it had been sown in the earth. This being checked, it can never grow again, and therefore cannot be malted further. Such corn may, in this state, be unfit for any purpose; it is too little malted for the purposes of fermentation, and too much altered for any other use. This would be an irremediable calamity, but for the fact already described. Such corn is, notwithstanding, as fit for fermentation as malt itself; for, during the malting, the starch remaining unchanged, is converted into sugar, by the sugar already formed, as Dr. Irvine says, according to the experiment of Kirchoff already detailed, or by the gluten of the grain.

But although sugar thus appears to be the proper subject of the vinous fermentation, we are not to infer that, if sugar is present, it must necessarily be possible to induce fermentation on it. On the contrary, we are acquainted with one kind of sugar, namely *manna*, which, when purified from some common sugar which it naturally contains, seems incapable of undergoing fermentation—at least, chemists have not succeeded in inducing it; and there may be other kinds of sugar which refuse in the same manner.

There is one other condition, essential to a successful fermentation, which naturally flows from those already noticed, and which has been

previously adverted to under different heads. This condition is the proportion of all the ingredients concerned in the vinous fermentation. If there be too much sugar compared with the water, the process is impeded in two ways, according as the excess is great, or very great. If very great, the liquor is not sufficiently diluted to allow freedom of motion to the acting particles; they are entangled, and their agency is obstructed in the same way as we know other energetic agencies to be by viscosity. If the excess be not very great, the impediment to the process of fermentation arises from the too abundant formation of alcohol, which, when concentrated, impedes the fermentation of all bodies. The quantity of alcohol formed is proportionate to the quantity of sugar which actually undergoes fermentation; and hence, if there be too much sugar in the act of fermenting, there will be too much alcohol formed for the continuance of the process, and it must at length cease, the sugar being actually preserved from further change by the abundance of alcohol. Thus, a very great excess of sugar prevents the fermentation from taking place at all, and a more limited excess checks the process before it has been completed. Too little sugar, or what is the same thing, too much water, produces proportionately little alcohol; and the presence of that little, far from preserving the liquor from further change, promotes its transition to a new stage.

The ratio of the yeast is equally important: if there be too much, and the temperature be high, the vinous fermentation can scarcely be prevented from running into the acetous. If there be too much at a low temperature, the fermentation is languid, and the liquor acquires a sickly taste, which it ever after retains. An effect not very different from this last follows from the use of too little yeast at a high temperature.

From all that has been said, it now appears that there are several conditions essential to the production of

the vinous fermentation: they may be summed up as follows:—

1. There must be water present, and in such ratio as produces moderate dilution.

2. There must be a moderate temperature; the process does not go on at either the freezing or boiling point of water; at summer heat it is most active.

3. There must be a substance called a *ferment* present to commence the process; and once commenced, it will go on without the presence of the ferment.

4. Besides the ferment there must be fermentable matter—that is, sugar, or some modification of it; and this is the subject-matter on which the change is effected, and which gives rise to the new products.

During the vinous fermentation an immense quantity of carbonic acid gas is generated, and escapes by effervescence. Alcohol is at the same time gradually produced, and remains mixed in the liquor. The taste of the liquor becomes less sweet, and when the formation of alcohol is complete, the sweetness has totally disappeared. In short, the sugar is decomposed; and the only products found resulting from it are carbonic acid and alcohol. \* \* \*

The changes which take place during the vinous fermentation may be thus briefly expressed:—Some of the carbon and some of the oxygen combine to form carbonic acid; while the remainder of the carbon, the remainder of the oxygen, and the whole of the hydrogen, combine to form alcohol; and we may totally neglect the decomposition of the yeast, it amounting to almost nothing. Thus is this inert, solid, fixed, sweet matter resolved by a new arrangement of its principles into substances which possess none of these properties, and one of which exerts a control of so singular a nature over the animal economy.

The manner in which the decomposition is effected is difficult to understand. Yeast is admitted to be the agent; but chemists are not agreed as

to the nature of its agency. None of the theories which have been advanced seem satisfactory, and much yet

remains to be done before we can consider the theory of fermentation as understood.

### THE WISHING-GATE.

"LET the whole earth praise thee, oh Lord! from the rising up of the sun, to the going down of the same; for glorious and bountiful are thy works, my God and my Saviour, and may my soul ever declare the greatness and goodness of thy name!" said old Michael Raeburn, as he closed the door of his humble cottage, and stepped forth and met the face—the rejoicing and happy face—of creation, on a lovely morning in August, when nature appeared in all the freshness and calm beauty that must have delighted our first parents on their awakening each blest morning in Paradise, save the *last* fatal morning. Michael was a man of piety, and of poetry too; indeed, I almost think that the purity and aspiring thoughts, yet humble contentment, of the first, imply the possession of the other. None can look from nature up to nature's God, as he was wont to do, without having a living fountain in their hearts ever springing, upon which the Iris, the beauteous beams of light from heaven, will often delight to set; and in its enchanting minglings, sparkle into a starry poetry, which shines for them *alone* perhaps, but still is the true essence of poetry.

But Michael deemed little of these things—*nothing*; to have told him that the sublimities he treasured in his memory, and delighted to repeat in the secret places of the lofty mountains, or whilst tending the sheep on the open hills, as he pleased himself in lingering beside the calm waters, as evening shades were closing around him, and leaving him to guess at what the scene might be—to have told him that "the plaintive tenderness of Jeremiah," or the soarings and gladness, the deep-toned patience, and lofty, glorying praises of the Psalms,

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were *Poetry*, would not, could not, have more endeared the Book of Promise unto him; for he knew it to be the *word of God*—he knew that to study it and practise it with humility and prayer, would tend to make him holy—and he sought no wisdom or learning, save only to be "wise in heart." He was a very *poor* man, if, with a many-veined mine of contentment, any can be so called; he was a man of sorrows, too, if parting with those best loved, in the assured trust that they were gone to the regions of the blessed, to the land which is watered by no tears, can be called a source of grieving; and surely it may—for if the light in the eyes of those who love us is a gladsome happiness to us, who can look up with the same joyfulness when in the darkness or the shadows of bereavement? But he had one tie to this world—one loved link that bound him to life, and made him pray to be spared for her sake. And a little joy she was to him; and little did she know, when she was smiling with her sunny eyes upon the old man's face, and doing all she could to please him, that she was repaying him fourfold for days, months, years of anxious watching over her, for never did womankind tend more devotedly on her heart's best treasure, than did old Michael Raeburn on this one precious legacy of a darling child. Little Mary Glenthorne never knew a mother's tenderness, for her mother died ere she had seen her babe; but she had never *wanted* it, for the old man had friends who loved and pitied him, and though he never would part with the little orphan, yet there was one kind soul near who was ever ready to watch by it and nurse it; and Michael's deep love soon taught him to take kindly care of it when he had it for hours out

in the fields with him, the while he tended sheep. It was the pleasant talk of the country folk round about where they lived, how nice a mother old Michael made to the sweet child; and many thought it a happier day when they could go to their home in the evening and tell that they had seen the babe of the Violet Hut, as the old man's cot was called, because for years and years far back the first violets were to be found in the neat bit of ground that lay round his tenement.

But I am a long time in introducing you to this good old man, and I am leaving him all this time making his slow way, with feeble steps, in the still, fresh sweetness of opening morning. He was going to his day's work, that he would not give up, though he was barely strong enough to do *any*; but his employer knew him well, and made it an easy task to him; and so highly was he venerated and looked up to by all, that his younger and stronger fellow-laborers would gladly have worked double, to have saved the trembling knees of old Michael; and often has he been found stretched in comfort on the grass, and repeating whole chapters of the Blessed Book, as he ever called it, to those who were around him, or teaching hymns to the young children whose parents were at work. In the winter he was generally ill, and unable to leave his home; but he could then make nets for the trees, and a number of other little works; and when his cough was not too bad, he would have the young ones come to him of a morning, and teach them; and many a neighbor delighted to join in the evening prayer and reading at Old Michael's ingle. He had, for some years, given shelter to a poor widowed soul who had none else to care for her, and she took a grateful care of him when he was sick, and looked to little Mary; but old Martha was no companion to Michael, though a good quiet body; and though she and Mary were excellent friends, yet her dear grandfather was Mary's teacher, and what he told her of her mother's ways, went to the forming her feminine character and habits.

Years had glided on, and Mary was seven years old at the time my story opens. Well, the old man walked forth to the music of his own holy thoughts, and the first chirpings of the awakening birds; he made his way, and by the sun soon found that he was something earlier than usual, so he determined to go a little out of his course, and rest him for a while on the WISHING-GATE. He was no rare visiter, but he never came but on some day that was especially marked in his heart's calendar, and this was the day when his own lovely Mary, the child almost of his old age, had been married. High had they all been in hope on that joyous day! But it had pleased the Lord first to take the youth—Oh! early was it in their wedded life!—and then poor Mary herself, or ever she had tasted the bliss of being a mother. "Yea, high were we all in hope *that* day!" said the old man, and he sighed, and looked down in sadness; but it was only for a moment. "And are not they happy?" said he, with upraised and cheerful gaze; "and shall not *I* on *this* day too be high in hope? Yes, yes; Heaven be praised, *I am*! And for the dearest wish of my heart—what is it? I know the time when I used to have to weigh what ought to be the dearest—to reflect, ere I asked a boon of the Spirit, or the Angel of the Gate—to consider whether I was about to show myself a selfish worldly man, or a sincere, a heaven-seeking Christian; yea, I can remember when on my lips I had it to wish for some creature-comfort for those dear unto me, and then would my better self, that part of me that seems *not* myself, put it into my spirit, that far better would it be to wish them and *all* of us the contented hearts that would make us grateful even for our *wants*; but *now* I have seen too long the mercies of my God—I have known the riches of poverty, the possessions of having nothing, the rejoicings of sorrow; I have read mercy clearly written on the darkest spots of my life; and *now*, at the end of many days, and after many wishes, I have but *one* to ask

of the kind spirit—and that is, that I may bring up my dear one in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and that she may be holy in heart, in hope, and in life."

He rested awhile, and then, with staff in hand, went on his way; he had more than a mile to walk before he came in sight of the prettiest little cottage in the country, where he had a daily summer duty to perform in his way to the corn-fields in which he labored. He quietly opened the wicket in the lane where the cottage was, and walked in as one welcome, and expected; he made his way up to a side of the house upon which grew, in beautiful luxuriance, a broad-leaved myrtle, which was in fine flower; he seemed about to pluck it where it was the thickest, as he placed his fingers carefully between the branches—but it was not to rob the stem of its blossoms, but to quietly unhook a loop of string from a nail, and by that act he opened the pretty rustic cottage window that was above; and the most silvery-sounding little bell was just heard to strike as the casement of the window flew open; not a moment had passed ere a beautiful young head appeared at the window, and bending over, said, in the sweetest of woman's tones, and whisperingly, "Wait one instant, good Michael, and I will be down." Now, let every reader paint for himself the loveliest young creature that can spring up in their imagination—let them give her a *soul*, and a *heart*, and a *mind*, and a *manner*—a person, a voice, a countenance,—and add unto it all that *nameless charm* which is emitted by such a combination, and even *then* the being they picture will fall short in loveliness of what was Medora Blessington! But how dare I speak for her, after all I have here said?—Well, I must be forgiven, for I know I shall not, I *cannot* do her justice;—and again I ask the gentle reader to supply the *charm*, the enchantment, which my subject deserves, but which my poor words, I feel, will never yield.

The old man had just seated him-

self on a bench near the myrtle, when, from a glass door of the small room, stepped the Aurora of the scene. She brought a glass of milk, and a slice of bread, to the old man. "We are both very early this morning, Michael, and it will be nearly two hours before you get your breakfast, so just take this, for I am sure you are tired."—"A little feeble, dear, kind lady—but I would not say tired, on such a morning as this, though I have been out since four. But how comes it I was not in time to wake you?—how comes it, my loved young mistress, that you have already asked the day's blessing for the old man, before he was here to tell you to wake up to see how gracious the Lord was to us—What another glorious day to our harvest!"—"I know not why it was, but it was nature's own doing. I did not ask the lark to come to my window," said she, playfully, looking at the ancient man; "no, no; dear Old Michael is *my* lark, and as he first taught me to lift up my heart, it is he who shall have his wish of seeing me in these calm morning hours, in awakening me to thanksgiving for the blessing of the day-spring from on high that visiteth us. Yes, I can never forget that you have been a father, or a pastor to me, dear Michael;" and as she gently took the emptied glass from the old man, a tear fell on his hand from the most beautiful fount tears ever flowed from. It was just one dew-drop of the soul, fresh, pure, and grateful as those that lie among the choicest violets. The sun-shine of those eyes was not for an instant clouded by it—but all, all the brighter and more exquisitely beaming. The old man looked at her awhile, as if he could only *look* and love her, and then said, with an earnest, pious tone, "May God ever bless thee!"

"I will go in and fetch my books, and then I will walk with you as far as the seat on the common, for I shall have time this morning for my favorite spot." She soon came back, with a large and shady straw bonnet, a little basket with three or four small vol-

umes in it, pencil and paper, and a little sketch book ; and closing the door softly after her, for the whole house seemed hushed, they went out together at the same gate where Michael had made his entrance.

"What a morning it is, my lady ! I can almost fancy I hear the birds utter the praises of God, so sweet and holy-sounding are their warblings in the still of such a dawning as this was."—"And why not, Michael ? I ever feel sure that they do. I even go so far as to believe, sometimes, when their notes call up good feelings in us, and win us to short prayers, and sending sudden thankings to heaven for all the gifts our Father sends us to enjoy in the calm of summer evenings, and all the various periods when nature shows most lovely ; then do I feel almost that the gentle birds that speak to us, and teach, and comfort us, must be ministering angels. The thought will come across me, at least—Do you think there is folly in it, Michael ?"

"Folly ! O no—I think nothing folly, dear lady, that has aught of piety in it. But why ask a poor old man, ignorant and unlettered as I am ? Thy heart is pure, young creature—and may God keep it so !—and any thoughts like unto that need not be checked whilst it is a passing thought, for it would not be wholesome to indulge too much in what we have no warranty for in God's word ! and those who *take hold* of a fancy of *this* kind, and love it too much—more than a thought of their own should be loved—have been known to become *visionaries*—to live in little worlds of their own, and, neglecting those straight-forward paths of holiness that our Heavenly Father has already pointed out to us, have chosen instead little flowery footways, where there is only room for *one* to walk—where they tread alone, dear lady, doing no good to others, and, ten to one, getting into a maze themselves."

"I love to hear you talk, dear Michael ; it reminds me of my very young days, when I thought it my best holy-day to be let walk out with you among

the mountains—when we used to be out for hours together—and when I used delightedly to run to dear Mary, on my return, to tell her what you had taught me, how many things you had told me, and where we had been. What happy days those were ! and how much do I owe, and must I *ever* owe, to you and to her ! But do rest on the bank, Michael, for you must be tired, and I'll sit on my favorite little nook beside you." Old Michael rested himself in the sun, and Medora took her little sketch book, and was using her pencil. "They *were* happy days, and days that can be looked back upon without any bitterness in the sorrow that must shade every memory of the loved ones who have been taken from us—No, there is no bitterness, for I feel assured, dear Lady, that Mary is happy ; and if I can but be the means of leading her little Mary in the same paths, the dews of my evening of life will not be heavier than it is good they should be."

"What I can do to brighten them, you know I will do—gladly, oh ! more than gladly ! And you have promised, you know, Michael, to leave me two legacies—the little Bible you used to read to me in those long rambles of ours, whence I first learned *what* it was, and *whose* word—and your dear little Mary ; and I must forget all that there is in the first,—aye, this beating heart must be made all silent and hard, before I can cease to do all in my power for the good, here and hereafter, of the second gift. I think, I hope, and I will ever pray that I may do well for her ; what you, good Michael, would approve, and thank me for."—"Oh ! talk no more of it, dear one ; I know it—I know it. May the old man's prayer bring some blessing upon you ; for if there lives one who deserves to have all they wish, 'tis my own dear lady."—"You think too well of me, Michael. I am not the very good girl you think I am—no, alas ! my heart is a little rebel too, too often. You know it not, and often I know it not ; but sometimes I find it out. Besides, I am not quite hap-



py, Michael. Methinks, at times, that my poor mother, had she lived, all angel as you say she was, would not have been quite happy either.—And yet so kind, so excellent, so benevolent as he is!—it is so strange, so very unaccountable, that the one thing needful should be wanting. Oh! it is so sad too—but I will not speak more of it. You know what I refer to; and so now tell me on what you have been meditating, as you walked by the way, Michael.”—“Why, I think, lady, what most I dwell on was the rich promises and comfortings in the 103d Psalm: and what language it is, too! it is music to hear one’s self say it, here in the stillness of morning, as one can gaze from east to west, and adore the Maker of all, and only wish that the same fine thoughts, and holy ones, might abide with one throughout the day, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same; but then I must tell you that, finding I was so early, and remembering *the day* that it was, I went to the *Wishing-Gate*—” “Indeed! did you, Michael? Then will you be the happier; for the spirit or the angel that hovers there to listen to us is a good spirit, I am certain. I have a multitude of superstitions about that gate. They say, or you say, for it was from you I first learnt the legendary about it, that we may visit it, to put up a wish at least, three times only in the course of the year. Methinks I have a wish due; this very evening will I go, if my father does not need me to go with him elsewhere. I should like all the better to go the same day you go; besides, I too remember what day it is—” “Well, I must leave you now, dear Lady; they’ll be looking for me at the Squire’s; and Mary will be there before me if I don’t make good my way. She’s to bring me my breakfast; and old Martha is told not to expect her home all day.”—“Well, then, you will send her to me when she has done her breakfast and read to you, and I will keep her till you come to dinner: there is much for her to do in the garden; I can make her very

useful.”—“Thank you, kind one; so she is with you, I am happy about her. So fare ye well, and may a blessing be with you through the day!”

The old man, with slow steps, departed, and Medora, who seemed to have begun a new drawing, lifted up her head, and looked at him awhile, and then penciled on quickly for some twenty minutes longer; then she put away the drawing, and took to some little books she had in her basket—a small Testament, an Italian Dictionary, and a volume of Wordsworth; she read a time in the first, and then she looked into the last, and she pondered and seemed in doubt. At length she took a little sheet of note paper and the pencil, and the paper quickly received clear, distinct, and beautiful pencil writing on two of its pages; and then all were shut up and put in the basket, and left on the bench, save the volume of the poet, which she took in her hand, and walked away with, rambling about, and, ever and anon, turning to the page she held open. She had just reached the most retired and beautiful part of the lake, when she was met by one meditative stroller, who seemed to have sought the tranquil spot, to obtain calm to an anxious and agitated spirit. The footstep made him raise his eyes, and with a start, and a look of delighted surprise, he said, “Medora!” She blushed, and the blush was a “joy flush,” as she held out her hand and said, “How little did I hope, how little did I expect to meet you. Your uncle is not worse, I trust?”—“No, no; at least I hope not, for I have not yet seen him. I am but just arrived; I have traveled all night. I am come to ask his advice, his consent; to TELL him, rather, that I am going to India.”—“To India!” said Medora, with a look of unfeigned sorrow, and dismay, and surprise. She raised her head to look at him as he finished his hurried, and almost agitated recital; her bonnet hung back and showed her beautiful eyes and forehead, and clustering dark curls. At the word India, she let fall her book, and it seemed to re-

mind her that she was expressing an interest too great ; for as she stooped to pick up the volume, she blushed excessively, and almost muttered, " You know I have no reason to love India. I wish not those I know to be doomed to go there." A change seemed to have taken place in Frederic de Lacey in the short moment when all this was passing ; a beam of happiness shot across his intelligent countenance, and his mouth, which was more expressive of sweetness of disposition than any other mouth I ever beheld, looked its kindest, and smiled its gentlest, as he took the book from her hand, and, taking her hand, placed her arm within his, and then said, " Now that I have once spoken this, let us calmly consider it, and let me teach you, my dear Medora, to look upon a residence in India as something better than a doom." They walked on a few paces ; and though this was said with a steadier voice, both seemed under some restraint, for a short silence followed. Medora no longer looked at her companion, though she made no effort to release her hand. At length he said, by snatches, and as in much discomfort, " Ought I not to think it a fair opening in life to me, to one dependent as I am on an uncle, or rather solely and wholly relying on my own exertions, when nothing offers here ? Ought I not to be grateful, and more than grateful ? Ought I not to be delighted with the prospect of going where so much is to be done—where youth, and health, and energy, and—God grant I may add devoted zeal in the cause !—are so much wanted ; all which, as I hope, I could offer. It is not from my friend here, whom I have sometimes called in heart a female missionary, until she chid me for it,—it is not from such a friend that I expected discouragement in these my views ; ties enough are there of early friendship—deep attachment—to draw me from my purpose, to incline me to stay my acceptance of this offered preferment ; to make me refuse the service of God ; in short, that I may cherish and delight myself still with

these affections that must ever cling to my heart : but surely Medora is not one to keep me back when she thinks of the good, little though it may be, which her friend may be enabled to aid others in performing, for the benefit of those many millions of souls whose state of darkness she has so often marveled at and mourned over ! Tell me, tell me !—if I have not you for a strengthener of my weakness, one who will speak sweetly to me of its rich and high compensations for all of privation that the prospect compasses ! " He pressed her hand, and sought her face, which was shaded and almost turned from him ; at length she said, in accents almost inaudible,— " No, indeed ; I can give you no comfort. How can I strive to reconcile you to a plan of which you speak with a tone of such deep sorrow ? Oh ! surely, surely, HERE you may do good ; here there are souls to save—many, too many, it may be, of those to whom none other could speak as you would speak, whom none other is ordained to bring to the foot of the Cross. But forgive my earnestness ; sorrow to me must ever come with the name of India ; it deprived me of the blessing of a mother, a sainted mother too, who would have made me what I never now can be ; and for my father—did it render to him in early life what home and England would ? Oh ! no, no ; I cannot say go to you ; besides, CAN I say aught to banish an old, an early friend ? Ask me not then to strengthen you, but rather ask me to plead on the other side, and then I will be eloquent, for, in truth, Medora Blessington cannot afford thus to part with those whose place in her regard no new friends can ever supply. Now may your uncle speak as I speak ! "

At one part of this speaking, she could scarcely refrain her tears ; but at the latter part she made an effort to be more cheerful and assured.

" Thank you for all those words of kindness," said he mournfully ; " and yet another pang, it may be the severest, is thus added to the cruelty of my fate—to give pain to you ; and

yet to hear from your own lips that my absence will give you pain, this has soothing in it: for what that indicates your feeling an interest can fail to soothe? But I am not fit to speak: my heart is too full; my happiness, my well doing, my destination for my whole life, depends on the next few hours. The will of God will assuredly be done; and what have I to do but to rest in faith on his directing me to what is best for me, and most for his glory, and then resigning myself to that sad conflict between the duties that lead to holiness and the deep affections that lead to happiness, which, alas! in this case must be mortified as well as sanctified? Here, then, I must leave you; but I will see you ere the day is done, and then may I have gained more courage and comfort to speak, of bidding adieu with a steadier voice and a less perturbed spirit. Have I your forgiveness for having thus broken forth, and given utterance to the melancholy thoughts of my night journey, which has fevered, you perhaps think, my very brain?"—"Forgiveness! is it not the best proof of true friendliness and kindness to tell our sorrows? and think you that the 'little Medora,' whom you used to call your sister, could grow up to *forgive* your showing her confidence, and speaking of those things so near your heart, that prove you think her sympathy worth having? You know that this morning's sad tidings can in no way call for my forgiveness, but much for my prayers, that—yes, yes, I must say it—that you may not go. Say no more to me, do not answer my foolish words, but just tell me, for my father is sure to ask, though I have not asked, how it is you are going? what post to fill?"—"That happily I can answer, as those who care most for me would wish I should. For a greater mitigation of my banishment I could not have. The new bishopric of Madras is given to my excellent friend, my almost *father*, Charles Townsend; and to be his confidential chaplain is the enviable, the happy place which is

offered, in the most affectionate of terms, to the acceptance of the ungrateful being, who has passed hours of *agony* since it came within his reach! *what* to so many would be the summit of their wishes. You know all I feel for this man; judge, then, what I must feel for those who must be left behind!—but I must leave you." And, disturbed to a degree of anguish, he hurried from her, scarcely looking at her, as he tore himself away. Medora was greatly discomfited, and her brow told it. Millions of thoughts ran rapidly across the surface of poor Medora's brain, as she slowly bent her steps towards home; but *one* feeling pressed upon her heart, and to calm that, and to comfort it, and to gain strength and composure to meet her father's eye, and speak to him, as though that feeling was not, seemed her purpose as she sat for awhile on the bench which had rested her, a little more than an hour before, in peacefulness and tranquillity. And now! but she had learnt where to seek submission; and that she might find it ready for her when she reached her home, and find it hand in hand with cheerfulness, was the short petition that she made in the few minutes that were left her. Some tears she shed, and then she looked up at the same lovely scene that had delighted her in the early morning; *that* was even more gladsome; and why should she be less so? She gathered her little books and papers together; she looked at the page she had written, and this seemed to cheer her. She found that her volume of Wordsworth was missing. Had it fallen into the lake? She could not remember; she knew it had fallen from her hand. Well, she would ask old Michael to look for it; and now home, for it was later, her little watch told her, than it ought to be.

"You are rather late this morning, my love," said Colonel Blessington, as his daughter came into the breakfast room; "you have tired yourself, for you do not look so well as usual. Have you been up long?" said he, most affectionately meeting her, and

kissing the lovely lips that met his with a smile of sweetness, as she thanked him, and told him she had been up very long, and had been walking farther than usual. "Then shall I find something to employ and please me much, no doubt, here, beside my breakfast plate—What! the Sketch book, and a page of writing besides! That is indeed industry, or rather, that is like my loved girl, to give a double delight to her father, who so prizes all that his child does."

"Now do I fancy I shall see a sonnet of my friend Wordsworth's put into as sweet Italian as Petrarch himself would have sung; but stop—what have we here? dear me, what could induce you?—well, well, good—yes, very good—Though so strange a selection for a rendering into Italian—Beautifully done, really." He read on between these words, and when he came to the end, said, "In truth, Medora, you have quite made poetry of it."—"MADE poetry of it! Oh, my dear father, it is poetry—all is poetry almost in that book—too beautiful, too sublime, for me to dare to translate it, and I never before attempted it; but old Michael was with me this morning, and was saying how much he loved that psalm—how much he delighted to dwell on its promises, and repeat it as he walked among the glories of Him who inspired it—and this it was which made me think I would try to write it."—"It is done as you do everything, my child, and it has given me so much pleasure, that I almost think I shall ask you to try your hand upon more of these songs of the King of Israel."—"Gladly, most gladly, will I do my best, my dear father. Oh! you know not half the delight this little volume would give you as it is thus, in our native tongue," (and she placed her little hand fervently and affectionately on the very small Bible that had been in her basket;) "but if I can lead you to look into its treasures, by taking from it my morning translation, how I shall rejoice. Milton has tried to tell of its beauties; but do you not

think, sir, that he is very feeble—worse than feeble, I should say—in *Paradise Regained*? When he gives language to be uttered by our Saviour, it seems as if the very presumption took from him the powers and the talents he possessed, and could exert to sublimity when dealing with men and angels! I never could like his speakings for our Heavenly Father in the '*Paradise Lost*;' and in the other, I sometimes think the poverty of the language, the liberties he takes, the strange and most unpleasant words and phrases that he uses, amount almost to profanation."—"Come, come, Medora, I must cry, Hold—enough! I quarrel enough with 'the orb of song, the divine Milton,' myself, and have got into sad disgrace, you know, with our *own* poet on that account; so I must not have you come and suggest fresh criticisms against him. I never got through the last poem, having, to say truth, been disgusted in the outset, so I know not the part to which you allude."—"I am quite sure you would not like it, and I am at a loss to think how he could speak so tamely of the Holy Volume, when weighing it with the works of uninspired men—the men of Greece—of whom Satan speaks so grandly."—"Ah, my dear, 'tis a melancholy moral, or a severe satire upon poor human nature, that even such a man as Milton—(and we must, spite of what we love not in him, place him on that pinnacle where few can stand, of minds of might and souls that soar)—'tis, I say, a saddening and humbling reflection, that he depicts best and most forcibly those fallen spirits, whose influence over us is so enthralling, that they infect us with all their evil, by linking us so closely to them. Who, alas! can burst their bonds?"—"Now, my dear father, if so you speak, I could say, Do read '*the Paradise Regained*:' there you will see that the bonds may be burst. Oh, indeed, there is one by whose aid, if we ask it, they will readily be broken.—But you will let me, you ask me, to show you more from whence I have this morning gathered. I will

leave all, therefore, to time; and a day will come when you will read this with me—and that will be happiness indeed!"—"Dearest Medora! child of my heart! what would I not do to give you happiness? and if it is in the power of any one to give it me, it is you, my love, it is you! But let no cloud disturb the sunshine of this most beauteous morning. Let us leave this subject—and now I turn to the drawings. Ah! this is sweetly done, my dear. What, your old friend Michael Raeburn!—and where is it you have placed him in such pensive mood? is it not 'the Wishing-Gate'? Yes, I see it is, and it could not be better—'tis the very thing to place beside the poem. I must show our friend how well you have illustrated his last little poem. I'm sure he will be pleased—but what made you think of such a sketch?"—"Old Michael and I were together for a long time this morning, and he told me he had been visiting the Gate in his way here; and, as we were talking together, I sat on my bench by the hill-side, and just began this part of the Gate and the mountains, and, as he walked away from me, I took the liberty of taking him."—"And then, when your morning tasks were done, or rather, when the labor you delight in—when what gives gladness to your father—was completed, you walked, and walked too far, for surely you are tired—the morning has been too warm for you. Well, I must tell you a bit of news—our worthy rector has got a living given him, such as there are few of—I would there were none—they say, of £2000 a-year, on which he means to reside. Now this rejoices me, for it will be strange indeed if we get not a pleasanter neighbor than he has proved, and whoever he may appoint as a curate, can scarcely be so intolerable in desk or pulpit as he is. I wish to my heart our friend De Lacey were to have the curacy, though it is so poor that the wish is unfriendly, and the person he went to assist for a time may have

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found some permanent duty for him perhaps; but if ever I missed the society of a man—if ever I took real delight in social intercourse with a man so much my junior—it was in that youth. So much do I love him, that I am often on the brink of desiring the death of his poor old uncle Sir Herbert, and that our friend Frederic might find himself master of the Priory! But Medora will frown at me for any wish that, to do good to one, harmeth another; she will have the last lines of Hart-leap well in her mind, so I must say no more in that strain—I only wish fervently that the youth would come to Font-vale for a visit; and in that wish, you, my dear, will join me—will you not?" The father looked up at his daughter, in some surprise that the answer did not tread on the heels of the question, and he saw the blush with which she said, "*Certainly, papa—and your wish is granted, for Mr. De Lacey is there, but only for a short, short time, I fear. I have seen him this morning, and he brings ill news—to my thinking, at least—for he is going to India as chaplain to the new Bishop, who is his particular friend.*"—"Now may India be without Bishops for the rest of her days! may her widows go burn! and her pagodas be filled forever! sooner than Frederic de Lacey should court an early grave by joining the infatuated party that imagine they can do good there equivalent to the loss of the men of worth and talent that have been sacrificed to such delusion!"—"Stop, stop, my dear father, you know not what you say! you know not the holy purposes, the high hopes, the truly Christian self-devotion of those men, nor do you reflect on the blessing they have already proved among a people who were in darkness;—the seed is already in the ground—the harvest is sure to come—but must there not be laborers to gather it in? Remember, dear, dear father, how you yourself delighted in Bishop Heber's book. Can I ever forget your marking the passage about

Archdeacon Corrie,\* and saying, 'Now that man I envy?' Indeed you did! so what you are now saying is not your real feeling. 'Tis indeed painful to part with dear friends—the excellent, the amiable, the kind—but we ought not to murmur if they are parted from us, that they may serve God better elsewhere. I know that we ought not, though I feel that it is a heavy sorrow, and the murmur will arise."—"I cannot believe that his uncle will let him go," said Colonel Blessington, as he paced the room much disturbed, and ever and anon looking with deep interest and kindness at his lovely daughter. The breakfast was finished; and as both seemed musing, we will draw before them the curtain of conjecture as to what was passing in their bosoms, and take our reader out once more into "the world in the open air."

When Frederic de Lacey parted from his loved companion, it was doing a violence to his nature. Had he followed the devices and desires of his own heart, he would not so have torn himself from her: more would he have said. But I am speaking of those who are actuated by higher and better motives than selfish ones; his heart might be bursting, but he must endure that agony, sooner than relieve it at the risk of bringing future trouble on another. He was turning towards the entrance to Font-vale Priory, but he remembered that his invalid uncle would not be visible for hours; why not, therefore, ramble and loiter amid the beautiful scenery, which has ten thousand sympathies for one ever ready,—which meets us soothingly, be we in sadness—or gladly, be we in joy? He took the path to the lake again, and thought, Surely in its calm bosom I shall find peace to this troubled heart within me. It reflects the clouds that are passing, but not one leaves a shade of sadness, or disturbs the tranquil loveliness of its still wa-

ters. Heaven is ever to be seen there; and who can gaze upon the heaven above, and the heavens on the face of those fair waters, without being the better for such vision—without receiving a ray of that peace which the world cannot give?

He was about to open the volume he discovered he still had possession of, as he lay stretched on the rough ground beside the margin of the lake, when a soft footstep made him turn his head. He watched a little girl putting down a basket, which seemed to contain provisions; and then she went close to the water, and put a foot forward, and then drew back—and then she turned and looked round, and seeing one on the ground looking at her, she came to him, and said, "O! pray do, if you can reach them, get me some of those rushes, I want them so much; and if grandfather knew I got them he would chide me. I told him I never would. I'm so glad you are here, sir; pray, get up and get them—you must be able." Now, if ever there was a lovely little cottage girl, the one who spoke was one—a little ardent creature, with such eyes that could be so glad some, so beaming—the very spirit of a laughing summer day—and yet they could be so full of deep feeling and sadness, if aught was sad with those she loved. In this case, they varied in their expression most bewitchingly; for there was all the radiance of hope and joy at attaining, and yet the eager anxiety and doubt whether she should. And then she spoke her little entreaty in a sweet touching voice, that even a child-hater could not have resisted. "That I will, my dear little maid," said Frederic, rising, "But why don't you remember me, Mary? You see I know you. I don't know that I shall get rushes for little girls who forget their old friends." Mary now opened her eyes, and seemed puzzled. "Oh, I know you now! It

\* Mission School in Benares.—"One of the most pleasing sights of all was the calm but intense pleasure visible in Archdeacon Corrie's face, whose efforts and influence had first brought this establishment into activity, and who now, after an interval of several years, was witnessing its usefulness and prosperity."—*Heber's Journal*.



was you who came and read to grandfather when he was ill; it was you read him the beautiful hymn, which our dear lady sent him afterwards to keep; and 'twas you gave old Martha the red cloak, and you gave me a little prayer-book. I *do* remember you. You are one of our best friends—and grandfather always prays for our best friends; and then I think of our dear lady and of you; and I think, too, of my pretty little red prayer-book. But grandfather says I should not think of that *then*—only I cannot always help it. Pray, forgive me, sir, but when I wanted the rushes, I did not look at your face, only at your boots, which looked as if they would not mind the water." She had got quite close to him during this long and most animated explanation, and was stretching her little neck to look up at him all the time. He took her up in his arms, and gave her a kiss. "I shall certainly forgive you, Mary, for not finding out by my boots that I gave you a prayer-book for being a good child;—and so now for the rushes. Do you wish me to go into the very middle of them, and gather the finest? or will you be satisfied with some of those near the edge?"—"Oh, not into the middle! you would be drowned; and then so many would be sorry. Only just these, which your long arms will reach.—Oh, thank you! thank you! Why, this will make a large one, or two little ones. I am so glad I've got them; and your shining boot is not wet at all! How much longer your arms must be than mine!"—"And what are you going to do with these rushes?"—"I can make pretty little baskets with them, while grandfather eats his breakfast, and I say my lessons to him; and, you've got me such a many of them, I shall be able to make one for old Martha too."—"And who is the other for? Is it to be for me, Mary?"—"Oh, no, not for you, but for our dear lady; but, if you want one, I can make you one; only you have nowhere to put it, have you?"—"Why, where will your dear lady put hers, think

you?"—"Oh, she'll put flowers in it, and place it on the stand in her own little room, where everything is prettier than anywhere else in the world. She has got many lovely flowers on the green stand, and one is a myrtle, that she loves best of all, and takes such care to water it. It was only a bit gathered off when Lady first had it. Wasn't it you brought it her that evening from the Priory? Oh, it is such a beauty! I made a little rush basket to go over the pot, but no handles, you know." Thus did the lively little girl run on, looking all the time earnestly at him to whom she spoke; and then she suddenly said, "But I mustn't stay. Grandfather will want his breakfast; he's up in the corn-fields at the Squire's. Good bye, sir—thank you for these nice rushes." And off she went, first taking up her basket. Frederic stretched himself on the bank again, and bethought him of all that his little friend had let fall. "Oh, would that I had unloaded to her all my heart! And yet why do I say so? Would it not have been base selfishness till I know my doom?" This he muttered to himself, scarcely to be heard by the spirit of the waters. He then again opened the volume, and was attracted to the fly-leaf, where he espied, in the sweetest writing in the world, a manuscript poem, by the author of the rest. He caught at it eagerly, not wholly from a love for that writing, but from a delight in the bard whom he venerated. It was a short poem, called "*The Wishing-Gate*";—and suppose we repeat it, as all may not have it engraven on their memories as I have.

#### THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grassmere, by the side of the highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the *Wishing-Gate*, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favorable issue.

Hope rules a land forever green.  
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen  
Are confident and gay;  
Clouds at her bidding disappear;

Points she to aught ? the bliss draws near,  
And fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—There  
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
And thoughts with things at strife ;  
Yet, how forlorn should *ye* depart,  
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,  
How poor were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,  
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
One tender claim abate ;  
Witness this symbol of your sway,  
Surviving near the public way,  
The rustic Wishing-Gate.

Inquire not if the fairy race  
Shed kindly influence on the place,  
Ere northward they retired ;  
If here a warrior left a spell,  
Panting for glory as he fell ;  
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,  
Composed with Nature's finest care,  
And in her fondest love ;  
Peace to embosom and content,  
To overawe the turbulent,  
The selfish to reprove.

Yes ! even the stranger from afar,  
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,  
Unknown and unknown,  
The infection of the ground partakes,  
Longing for his beloved—who makes  
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear  
The mystic stirrings that are here,  
The ancient faith disclaim ?  
The local Genius ne'er befriends  
Desires whose course in folly ends,  
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
Here crave an easier lot ;  
If some have thirsted to renew  
A broken vow, or bind a true  
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast  
Upon the irrevocable past,  
Some penitent sincere  
May for a worthier future sigh,  
While trickles from his downcast eye  
No unavailing tear.

The worldling, pining to be freed  
From turmoil, who would turn or speed  
The current of his fate,  
Might stop before this favor'd scene  
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean  
Upon the Wishing-Gate.

The sage, who feels how blind, how weak,  
Is man, though loath such help to *seek*,  
Yet, passing, here might pause,  
And yearn for insight to allay  
Misgiving, while the crimson day  
In quietness withdraws ;—

Or when the church-clock's knell profound,  
To Time's first step across the bound  
Of midnight, makes reply :  
Time pressing on, with starry crest,  
To filial sleep upon the breast  
Of dread Eternity !

They pleased much our youthful  
and ardent reader, and gave a gentle  
turn to his thoughts—for he dwelt  
more upon the important question  
which his uncle was in a manner to  
decide. "I will wend my way to this  
gate," said he ; "why should not I  
seek a friendly sympathy in the being  
who rules there ? Why should not I  
ask of that good angel a boon, such as  
my heart is panting for ?" He saun-  
tered on, and there were his hopes,  
his life, his all of promised joy and  
blessing, again turned to the haven of  
his happiness—again with—But  
stop ; suffice it, they were *not* in In-  
dia ; they were not with the zealous  
bringers of glad tidings to the children  
who wanted light ; they were *not* with  
his friend, the heavenly-minded, the  
truly apostolic Townsend ; they were  
not even with his old infirm uncle,  
smoothing his thorny pillow, or striv-  
ing to lead him to the only fountain of  
comfort and refreshment after a life  
of many gifts, and much forgetfulness  
of the Giver. No, no, one radiant  
image filled his heart, and to part with  
it seemed anguish. He came in sight  
of the gate ; a stillness reigned around  
it—a solemn stillness ;—it struck him,  
and the pensive, almost warningly sweet  
note of one only bird told of the si-  
lence, and spoke to him whose foot-  
steps interrupted it. "What note is  
that ?" he inwardly asked himself.  
"I never heard it before ; I feel there  
is meaning in it. I could fancy that  
it says to me that I am scarcely in fit  
mood to commune with the Spirit of  
the Gate ; it seems to warn me not to  
wish rashly—to remember that a good  
angel listens, and will not grant the  
wish of one who thinks only of his  
happiness, and overlooks the high and  
holy purposes for which he was called  
into being, and for which he was en-  
dowed with noble faculties, and vari-  
ous talents. Stop, and reflect ! Calm  
the ardor that is glowing in thine  
heart, and frame a wish that will be  
worthy of you—one that is untainted  
by selfishness, and that will not bring  
upon you the ranklings of remorse !"

I tell not whether the bird's note of  
touching sadness whispered all this to

him; or whether the spirit, hoverer o'er the gate of tears, of sighs, of penitence, of prayer, aye, and of smiles and joyfulness too, or whether the light within him, lit up this pure flame, by which he saw into himself, I say not; but, after resting on the moss-grown bars, and meditating such a volume of pure thoughts and heavenly breathings as even spirits delight to read, there came from him a wish, not such as was beaming in his eye when first he approached it, but one that proved him a true Christian, a disciple who desired, fervently desired, to be a faithful follower, a useful minister, of his beloved Master. "May, then, my lot be cast where I can do most for His glory—bring most to His cross;—and may strength be given me to bear meekly the sorrowful partings and privations that the fulfilment of this wish may involve."

And was he not his BEST self when he turned from the gate? had he not fought the good fight?—for it is no light thing to put up a wish, or a prayer rather, on this spot. A few paces from the gate he again met the little Mary. "Well, my little friend, what, again are we to meet? And what do you want me to do now? for you look wistfully upon the bank beyond the ditch.—And the basket is made! and very pretty it is; I must certainly have one some day."

"I daresay the kind lady would give you this if she knew you liked it; but you must not ask for it, because grandfather says that it is not right. But to-morrow, if you'd get me more rushes, sir, I would make you one, and fill it with roses off my own bush; but will you, if you please, reach me some of those corn-flowers, they would look so pretty with all these sweet grasses I have been gathering! and Lady always likes the corn poppies and those blue flowers.—Will you?"

"Yes, that I will, Mary; only you must hold my hat, or I may drop it into the ditch as I scramble under that old thorn."

"Oh, that is a nosegay of them! I shall have enough for dear old Mar-

tha's basket too—How very good you are to me, sir! You do look so LIKE the picture when your hat's off, sir, I wish you would not wear it."

"Not wear my hat this hot day, Mary? what can you mean? And what picture have you ever seen that is like me? and where?"

"Oh, it is quite like your face, though not your clothes; haven't you seen it? There's an old man, and he's just like grandfather; and then there's one young, and he's leading him, and that's like you; but Lady calls it Bellesa, or something like that; She did it; and I love to look at grandfather, and she looks at it too, when she is singing and playing sweet music, for it hangs just before her. Wouldn't you like to see it? I'll ask her, sir, if you may, and I think she will let you, when I tell her how kind you've been, and that you've got me all these, and the rushes."

"I will ask her, my little Mary; you had better not trouble her with such things; when you are with her, you should be doing all she tells you, and not thinking too much of all the pretty things you see in the room.—But here we are near the 'Wishing-Gate,' Mary. Do you ever wish there? and have you nothing to wish to-day? I think you must. I am going on to Sir Herbert's, but suppose you stop and make a wish—and let it be a good wish,—one that you can think of after you have said your prayers at night, and feel the happier for; mind that, Mary,—And now good bye; I will not go away again without bidding good bye to you and your grandfather."

Mary was left alone; she stood still before the Gate—(I wish I could draw her;) she looked at it; she looked at her bunch of grass and flowers; she saw one little bird hopping near her: "I wished for the Lady to give me some chickens, but I don't think that's a good wish. I wish old Martha was always dear old Martha, and never spoke angry to me; but that's not quite the goodest wish. Oh, I know what must be a good wish! I wish I may always be a good child, and do

all grandfather and Lady tell me, and never make him look sad at me. This shall be my wish, and I won't mind the chickens; and I'll be kind to old Martha when she *does* speak sharp, for I know she loves me and grandfather. I'll kiss the Gate! and leave the prettiest pop-py, and the prettiest blue flower (thus she sung it out as she selected them), and some of the grass; I'll tie them to the bar in a nosegay, and tell the Gate, for that and the kiss it must let my wish come true." And this she did, after a pretty fashion, and I took care those flowers should not wither for that day; she then hastened to the cottage in the lane, and opened the gate where old Michael had entered so many hours before.

Medora had passed two hours of musing—melancholy musing, we fear—since we left her with her father, who soon left her for his own study, where he passed most of his mornings. She could not read as usual—she found her thoughts wandering far, far away from the subject. One only thought was with her; it was a troubled stream, and yet it had much of loveliness; fair and enchanting were its scenes and prospects in some of the windings that it took—endearing spots of peacefulness and joy would the sunshine of her heart sometimes show her, as she traced that deep-flowing current; and then again all would be overclouded, and she felt the rain-drops of those clouds of her bosom's happiness come dropping on her hands as she sat working, mechanically, for she knew not what she did. She was aroused by this gentle shower of feeling—she felt it was wrong to continue such an indulgence—she had duties to attend to, and, Desdemona like, she must draw herself off from the story that was calling forth her sighs, and all her dearest sympathies, and attend to the comforts of others. She did arouse herself, and bestir herself, and then she went to her own little sitting-room, which young Mary had lauded so highly, and there she felt that her best occupation would be

drawing; she arranged it all, and then she looked out at the window at the silver bell, almost hidden by the jasmine that twined itself around and within the little casement,—she saw little Mary close the gate, and she called her to come up to her. "Why, Mary, what a pretty basket! Oh, and what beautiful grasses and corn poppies! But how did you get the rushes, Mary? I hope you did not get them yourself?"

"No, indeed, lady; the gentleman got them for me, and he did not go in the water for them; and will you please to have the basket and flowers, lady?"

"That I will, Mary, and thank you too, my dear child. I like them very much; but what gentleman was it who reached the rushes for you?"

"Oh! you know him, lady; 'twas the gentleman what is so like that man that grandfather's leaning on in the picture!"

"Indeed, Mary! It was very kind of him;" and Medora blushed deeply, as the little girl pointed to the picture. "And where did you find these corn flowers?"

"Oh, they were growing so beautiful on that high bank, lady, very near 'the Wishing-Gate;' I could never have reached them!"

"Then how did you get them, my dear?"

"He was there, too, when I got them, and saw me longing for them, and then he scrambled, and took his hat off,—and then I knew he was like the picture!"

"And then what did you do? make the basket?"

"Oh no, that I'd made, lady, when I was with father up in the hill-fields; then I went to the Gate, 'cause the gentleman told me to go and wish. I think HE'D been wishing, for he looked very solemn, and, something sad, when I first saw it was him; and he told me to make a good wish, that I should not be sorry for at prayer time; so I tried, but grandfather says we ought not to tell those wishes, only to the Gate."

"No, don't tell me, Mary; I hope it was a good wish, and if you thought first of what your friend said to you, I daresay it was a good wish, so I will wish it may come to pass. And now, Mary, as 'tis very late, you must sit down at once to your work, and see if you cannot finish making your grandfather's stockings, and hemming Martha's handkerchiefs, because I wish you to give them to them this evening when you go home."

Mary soon established herself on her little stool by the window. Her dear lady did not talk to her so much as she often did, or ask her questions on what she had learnt, for she was busy with many thinkings. "How strange that three so dear to me should have been to the Gate already this morning! Methinks I would like to read their wishes," said she inwardly. "Now, Mary, dear, let me look how you get on with the R. There's a wrong stitch here. Mary, Mary, why don't you look at it?"

"Oh, he is so very pretty, I must look at him! Please, lady, do let me. And I think I know who it is—I think!"

The ecstasy into which the little cottager was thrown, was by having turned her eye to the drawing her kind mistress had nearly finished. Medora looked pleased at the child's raptures. "And who do you think it is, Mary?"

"Why, I think it is little Samuel; is it not, lady?"

"It certainly is, Mary; but how came you to think so?"

"Because it looks just like what I used to see inside my head, or somewhere, where no one else could see it, when grandfather first used to tell me the story when I was a *VERY* little girl; and I never hear of him but I think of him as I saw him then—and that's quite like."

"It is meant for Samuel, Mary; and now, my love, work steadily and finish this, as there are many dead roses that want cutting off."

The work was soon done, and then they went into the garden, and Mary

was set to cut the roses. Medora passed into her father's study, but he was not there; so she went again to her own room, and then went on with little Samuel, till Mary came up and showed how many beautiful roses had lived and had died. When this was done, Mary was allowed to go and feed the chickens; her kind lady came to her, to enjoy her little ecstasies with her feathered favorites. "Now, Mary, you've been a good child for many weeks, and as I hope you will do your best always, I will give you three chickens, and your grandfather will tell you how to manage them."

"Three chickens, lady!" and poor Mary seemed almost dumbfounded with delight. "Oh how very kind of you—how can I be ever good enough at my lessons and work!—and that was one of the things that I wanted to wish for, but did not dare. Oh you dear little creatures! how I shall love you!"

"Yes; but Mary, you must take care and not kill them with kindness!"

"Why, that could not be, lady, could it? I should not have been alive now, should I, if people were killed so?"

Mary was torn from the chickens, and sent to do more work in the garden; and we must now just see what Medora's father was about.

"Ah! thus it ever is with me," said Colonel Blessington, as he sauntered forth; "thus it ever was, and thus it ever will be; those that my heart leans to, those in whom I take delight, are soon separated from me forever! This young man, whom I so trusted might be settled near to us—become to me even more than a friend—but why is not my heart hardened to meet my destiny? Why, even as age draws on, am I still to feel these things, even as in youth I felt them!—But not for myself, my loved Medora! surely that brow, which is truth and openness, and all sincerity, was shaded by sorrow this morning! and yet those words she spoke to me! The consolation she drew from his

going, if go he must—I would her consolations were mine! and how deeply she seems to wish it; surely she is an angel!”

By this time he found himself beside my temple—this my “*Wishing-Gate*.” He thought of the drawing that had pleased him so much; he went and rested his arms on the gate; he looked, and smiled at the pretty nosegay tied to the bar; he was lost in a deep and painful memory of days gone by, that never could be recalled; he looked through the postern of time long elapsed, with a melancholy not unmingled with remorse and sincere penitence. He thought, “What might not I have been, if Frederic de Lacey had been my equal in age and my companion in India; and what might I not now be, might I, by God’s blessing, in some sort redeem the time that I have lost—oh, more than lost—were I to be led by one like unto him? Oh, could I part with all that pride that keeps me from being taught in these high things by those who are not among the most gifted in intellect, or my own equals in other things! but could I have a pastor here whom I loved, this heart which has ever ruled me, would turn unto him and ask his aid to lead me to those waters of comfort which I find, but too late, can alone refresh and soothe us in this life of pain and sorrow; and then do I not see that the daughter of my own loved treasure—my sun of happiness that brightened on me for so short a day—do I not see that she desires I should tread, as she does, the heavenward path? Oh! that this might be! What blessings hast thou given me, great God! But where has been my gratitude? scarcely on my lips in thanksgiving and prayer, and never shown forth in my life, and therefore hast thou only given me to taste of them. A little while thou didst wait for my acknowledging them, yea, more than a little while; but then thou, in thy mercy, no doubt, withdrew them, that then I might humble myself before thee. One blessing remains to me. Grant that from this hour I may

indeed be grateful for it; and may I become a blessing unto my angel child, even as thou wouldst have me to be. Grant, too, that she may not need all the consolation a father’s love can yield to a bereaved and forsaken heart. It would seem I, too, had been breathing my wishes at the gate of mystery and tradition, and why should I not?” He turned from the spot with a more cheerful temper than he had reached it, and he then went on towards the Priory, in the hope of finding his young friend, and hearing the result of his interview with Sir Herbert. We will leave him; the solitary walk in the beautiful woods that led to that fine old residence will cherish and nurture all those high and holy aspirations, all those humble feelings and pious hopes, that have been with him at our Gate.

“Come, Mary,” said Medora, “it is four o’clock, and I am quite ready; we shall but just be in time for old Martha before she makes her tea, and I wish her to have a nice cup of tea this afternoon, so I’ve got a little canister here, and some sugar, and this nice little milk-loaf; so come, put them in your basket and let us go.”

“But the chickens, lady?”

“Oh, I will send them by Nanny this evening, and you must be very *patient*, as you will not see them till you get up to-morrow, I daresay.”

“That I will, lady; for how many things I’ve got!—the handkerchief and the stockings, and the rushes and flowers for Martha’s basket—Oh! so many.”

They walked to Violet Hut; and Medora spoke kindly to old Martha, and pleased her with the presents; and then she went to see old sick Donald, and read to him; and then, after bidding Mary good bye, and telling her when to come the next day, she went towards home alone.

“I will go now to the *Wishing-Gate*,” thought she; “and then, if my father walks in the evening, I shall not be vexed, and wishing to go elsewhere; so she turned that way, and felt thankful that she was so much



more cheerful than in the morning. Oh! if indeed all the joys of one's own heart were lost to us forever in this world, yet still what contentment, and almost gladness, might one not derive from doing kindnesses to others!" This she strove to make herself believe; but it was *only* a striving, for she soon felt the sadness coming over all her heart, at the thought of parting with one in whom, thus in life's early morning (when the soul requires so much, and pictures so highly, the one only friend that it desires to rest on, for time and for eternity), she had found ALL—yes, quite, and more than all. "What then is thy wish?" seemed to be said solemnly to her as she came in sight of the Gate. What could it be, but for the confirmation of her heart's happiness? If she could but know that she was loved, this would be consolation; and yet, surely, she could not quite mistake a manner that thrilled her with its tenderness and kindness. But stop; she had not touched the Gate. Again, a voice from within her, or around her, seemed to say—"Medora is not selfish—another desire lies buried in the recesses of her heart—a wish of ten thousand prayers—a wish that is with her at sunrise and sunset, and parts not from her through all the day."—"Yes, yes; oh did I for one instant let another take its place? Oh! how closely twined must he be with my whole being, that I should have let the agony of thinking of this parting put from me the wish that ought to be first—that is first—that ever shall be first! Could I ever be happy, if all my selfishness were listened to—and I became the loved companion of —? How could I be happy if I thought that my dear father was not treading a path that would lead him to everlasting blessedness? Grant, then, my wish, thou pure spirit of this place! Grant that he may be led to cling to that Cross, and to trust in that Saviour, who alone can save us!"

Many tears did she shed ere she turned towards home. She noticed the pretty bunch of flowers, and knew it to

be the fancy of her dear little Mary. She then prepared herself for dinner, and met her father with smiles. He was particularly lively, indeed quite gladsome and happy. His daughter asked him how he had spent his morning, as she had missed him from his study since one o'clock.

"I have had a chequered day of it, my dear love," said he; "but the brightest colors came at last to delight me, after the sombre hues that had something shaded the first part of my morning. I really don't know when I have felt so much joyousness as I now feel; and you, my beloved Medora, seem all the better for your rest after your fatiguing early walk; you must not let that old beau of yours—that venerable old Michael—beguile you into such rambles."

"Oh, you must not blame him, dear father, for he only beguiled me to the bench on the common; but I have not been resting, for I went home with Mary, and then I came home by the *Wishing-Gate*."

"What! have you been to speak with the gentle spirit of the Gate? Then are thy good looks accounted for; she can spread a ray of sweet serenity over the features as well as the hearts of her votaries. It may be she has wrought in me the change I have undergone since the morning—it may be I owe to her mysterious enchantment the peaceful calm I feel within me—for I too, dear Medora, found myself, some few hours since, in deep reflection at her shrine; there were lamentations for the past; there were wishes, yea, even hopes, for the future, all mingling in my busy thoughts; and I know not but that even I asked her to shed, upon what of good feeling was aroused at those moments, a few drops of that dew from Heaven, so pure and peace-giving, that would nurture into good fruit those desires after a better and a holier life."

"My dear, dear father!" said Medora; but she could say no more,—her heart was full, and the thought of what her own wish had been, and the

prospect of its fulfilment, was too, too much for words; the tears would fall, and her kind father kept silence, and in no way disturbed her. She soon recovered her composure, and accepted, with the loveliest of smiles through her glistening eyes, the fruit her father offered her, and then she said, "Have you not been to the Priory, sir?—have you seen nothing of Mr. de Lacey?"

"Yes, my dear, I have; oh, yes! I was some time with Sir Herbert, and after that walked down to the vicarage with our young friend, who wished to call there before he again left us. But talking of the *Wishing-Gate*—Medora, who was it adorned it with that nosegay of wild flowers? Was it you, or was it your little protégée, Mary, who has more native rustic taste than is to be found in many of the pastoral poems that attempt to describe it? Your little jewel of a sketch gives not the adornment, so how came it to be there?"

"Oh, you are quite right in thinking it was Mary's taste—it is just like her; and though she did not tell me, I feel sure no other little lass in the village, or miles round, would have thought of such a thing. This is a treasure of a child, so very affectionate, and really so good. I wish, my dear father, you could have seen her young raptures when I gave her three chickens! I must, some day, take her with us to Rydal. I am quite sure our friend would make a volume of poetry out of her; for she has none of that shyness that would make her silent and dull among strangers. She is at that happy age, that with such an ardent mind as hers thinks not of restraining her delighted feelings, or curbing her restless curiosity. Don't you think he would like her?"

"Assuredly he would, my dear; the very sight of the child would call forth a sonnet, at least,—for no sunbeam on the lake ever looked more the picture of bright happiness than does little Mary Glenthorne, as she passes over on the hill side, with her looks of love, and her laughing glad-

someness. I often think, when looking at her, that instead of saying to her, '*Who made you?*' as the catechists do, one should speak poetry, and say, '*Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?*' You shall take her, my dearest, and that before many days are gone by; but where is the volume in which you wrote out '*The Wishing-Gate?*' I was looking for it this morning, and could not find it on the Wordsworth shelf."

"I'm sorry to say, my dear father," said Medora, blushing deeply, "that I was careless enough to leave it somewhere in my walk; but it cannot be *lost*."

"Why, I don't know, my love. I think it's a chance if you find it, and I own I should be grieved to lose the copy Wordsworth himself gave you. I never knew you so careless before; cannot you remember at all where you last had it? Do think!"

There was a strange look—a sly or saucy curl at the corner of his lip, as with an affected seriousness her father said this, which puzzled, whilst it pleased Medora. "I certainly do remember where I last had it, or knew that I had it," said she; "but there is my writing in it—my own name too. Oh, I am sure, no one who found it would keep it,—they would see whose it was, and bring it."

"I don't know that," said her father, with the same expression;—"your writing in it may be the very reason for their choosing to keep it. But I would advise you to go this very evening to the spot where you remember holding it, and perhaps the Kelpie of the Lake may tell you if she has taken it, and placed it in her library of liquid poetry; or, perhaps, she may tell you, if you dropped it on the land, whether it was caught up by an adoring swain who chanced to be passing at the time."

Medora was quite at a loss to understand her father, and yet she felt a consciousness that made her cheeks tingle, and she knew she must be looking very confused.

"I will go at once, my dear father, and retrace my steps of the morning, and I doubt not, in a short time, I shall return with the volume untouched and uninjured; and it will be all the dearer to us from our having feared losing it; and besides, perhaps it will have gained a few more pages of poetry from having passed this lovely day among the mountain daisies, or near the grateful broad leaves of the water-lily, that teaches us all, as Coleridge tells us, how to delight and rejoice in Heaven's gifts the more and the more, as the more abundantly they are showered upon us."

"Yes, that is a pretty idea, though you have *mored* it, my dear. You speak not with your usual correctness and elegance—But you are vexed about the volume, so go, and endeavor to recover it; but stop, Medora—In case our poor young friend should call in the evening, do not be absent,—return soon, that we may both bid him adieu ere he leaves us. Deny him not the consolation of seeing that he parts with friends much attached to him, and deeply interested in his future life—So now, my love, hasten away."

And here he left her, perplexed and saddened,—she knew not what to think. What could her father have heard to please him? What meant his strange manner? She was all in doubt, and a mystery seemed to cling to her; but his last words—they could have but one meaning. In sadness, then,—yea, in deep, deep sadness and melancholy, did she pass along. It was a lovely evening, just such an eve as does end, as should end, so brilliantly beautiful a day—a still—a calm—a pensive evening—such as can be felt, but never described,—an evening when all that is dearest in our existence is thought of, and mingles with the delicious repose of the scene; but 'tis folly to attempt to paint it,—for those who have never experienced the enchantment of such hours, would not understand the separate existence they seem to give one; and those who have, can imagine what this especial

evening was. It was late, later than Medora had thought when she left home; the shades of evening, that seem peopled with tranquillizing and heavenly spirits, were fast approaching, and the moon was gently rising; she gained the very spot where she had been in the morning, and sat her down on the rough ground I mentioned, near the rushes. Her heart, if not in unison with the scene that lay before her, was so filled as to find an exquisite relief and soothing in contemplating it. Her eyes were on those peaceful waters, and it was just that light, or twilight, when she was wont to delight in seeking in their depths that undefined mysterious scenery, which gives such a charm to evening communings with the riches of the deep, and which, I suppose, must be a species of that disease of the heart called, I think, the Calenture. But now, though her eyes were there, their expression was not derived from aught without her. Imagination was then at rest. No, they were filled with tears—the purest fountain within her heart of hearts was disturbed and overflowing, and in those waters of life and of happiness she feared she saw the sunset of her hopes, and of all her bliss, on earth. So much was she lost in these saddening reflections, that she heard her own name pronounced by the voice that was dearest to her, ere she was aware that any human being was near. It was Frederic de Lacey, who gently seated himself by her side, and with one gaze of kindness and that one word spoken, took her hand within his. A few minutes passed ere either spoke, and then Medora said, "What can there be here on earth more like unto heaven than this scene!" The words were scarcely uttered, but yet the effort was made, and she gained composure to say, "I believe I came here to look for a book which I dropt in the morning, and which my father is desirous I should find." She seemed much distressed, and withdrew her hand, intending to rise.

"Stay! stay! I have the book; go

not away, I entreat you ; I have to question you, to petition you, dear Medora ; there is a sweet little drawing between the leaves of the book, some lines at the back of it, which, though they belie what you spoke in the morning, yet are so full of beauty, and so touching, that if, as an old friend, I might keep the drawing, I can only say, there is nothing I at present possess which I should prize so dearly."

"What is it ? oh ! what can I have so carelessly left about ?" She appeared almost alarmed, till he showed her the sketch.

"Oh, it is this ! I'm sure if you think it pretty, or at all like it, I can have no reluctance to giving it, save its being so very unworthy your acceptance, and my regret that it is not much, much better."

He looked his thanks so meaningly, that Medora talked on as though timidly dreading their expression in words. "You see that it is the tomb of Mr. Cleveland, mentioned in a way to make all hearts love him, in Bishop Heber's Journal ; and I have placed in its neighborhood one of the Sagoe Palms, which the Bishop tells us grow in this beautiful form, and must therefore appear as temples in the wilderness ; and who shall say that in those far-away countries, where the blessings of Religion are so little known, the exquisite formation of this tree, with all its rich gothic arches, may not arouse some of our own people to remembrance of those places of worship that adorn their own land, and lead them, by a train of newly-awakened holy feeling, to pour forth those praises and prayers which have too long been unbreathed ?" This was said hurriedly, as a thought long since born, and as in explanation of the picture ; the devoted look of deep delight of him who listened, again met her, and she went on to say, "I could not have put the tomb in better scenery, I thought,—it must be a

beautiful tree ; little, oh how little, did I think or fear when I drew this, that my kind and early friend would perhaps see it growing in its native soil ! and now, alas ! ere this harvest moon again visit us, you will perhaps have rested under its shade." She could say no more ; she was altogether overpowered by the effort she had made to speak at all ; but she had not an instant to feel this, ere he clasped her towards him, and said, "No, no, Medora, not such is my fate ! in you alone does it rest ; this moon that now is, that is just ready to peep above yon mountain, before she has gladdened the bosom of the lake by her gentle beams, has, my own, my loved Medora ! the power to make me the happiest, the most blessed of beings. Tell me, oh tell me, that I am loved !" As the moon sheds her first spangle on the rippling of the lake, Medora sent, by one look, the deepest, the most lasting ray of happiness, into the soul of him who all but adored her.

It scarcely needs to tell, that no evening had been so blissful to the happy party at the Cottage in the Lane as this. The Vicar had given up the living to the patron Sir Herbert, who, in answer to his nephew's proposal of going to India, offered it to him. It was of course accepted, and the first reflection of those moonbeams on the calm bosom of the lake, shone upon two of the happiest hearts, and showed them to each other in all their fulness of affection and fervent love.

The father, too—to him it was the opening of a new life—a life of hope and holiness ; and thus were the loved votaries of THE GATE listened to in their tenderest wishes—thus were they all rewarded, for not following too much the devices and desires of their own hearts, when their duty and devotion to the Maker and Giver of those hearts bade their wishes tend *Heavenwards*.

## ANECDOTES OF WOLVES.

WOLVES not unfrequently destroy people in Scandinavia. Many lamentable instances of the kind have occurred within the last few years. Wolves that have once tasted human flesh are said to be more dangerous than others. In the year 1819 those ferocious animals destroyed no less than nineteen persons in a very confined district of country. This was at no great distance from Gefle, situated on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. The poor sufferers were, however, almost all children. It was supposed to have been the same drove of wolves that committed this dreadful devastation. "Wolves," Mr. Nilsson says, "only attack the human race when dying of famine." He farther observes, "that in those parts of the country where they abound, it has often happened, even in the daytime, that they have suddenly come into houses, and killed and carried away children that were alone." The following circumstance, related to me by Captain Eurenus, will go far to corroborate this statement. The occurrence took place in the vicinity of Frederickshall, in Norway, near to which place that individual was then residing. In the year 1799 a peasant was one day looking out of his cottage-window, when he espied a large wolf enter his premises, and seize hold of one of his goats. At this time he had a child of about eighteen months old in his arms; this he incautiously laid down in a small porch fronting his house; when, catching hold of a stick, the nearest weapon at hand, he attacked the wolf, who was in the act of carrying off the goat. The ferocious animal now dropped the latter, but, getting a sight of the child, almost in the twinkling of an eye he seized hold of the little innocent, threw it across his shoulders, and was off like lightning. The poor father was driven almost distracted at this horrible sight; but his sorrow was unavailing, for he was

unable to overtake the wolf, who, together with his prey, quickly disappeared in an adjoining thicket.

About twenty years ago, during a severe winter, and when there were known to be many wolves roaming about the country, a Captain Nordnælder, together with several companions, started off on a hunting excursion. The party were provided with a large sledge, such as are used in Sweden to convey coke to the furnaces, a pig, and an ample supply of guns, ammunition, &c. They drove on to a great piece of water which was then frozen over, in the vicinity of Forsbacka, and at no great distance from the town of Gefle. Here they began to pinch the ears, &c. of the pig, who of course squeaked out tremendously. This, as was anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about their sledge. When these had approached within range, the party opened a fire upon them, and destroyed or mutilated several of the number. All the animals that were either killed or wounded were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions. This, as I have observed, is said invariably to be the case, if there be many congregated together. The blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves, instead of satiating their hunger, only served to make them more savage and ferocious than before; for, in spite of the fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge with the apparent intention of making an instant attack. To preserve their lives, therefore, the captain and his friends threw the pig on to the ice; this, which was quickly devoured by the wolves, had the effect, for the moment, of diverting their fury to another object. Whilst this was going forward, the horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the ferocious animals, struggled and plunged so violently, that he broke the shafts to pieces. Being thus disengaged from

the vehicle, the poor animal galloped off, and, as the story goes, succeeded in making good his escape. When the pig was devoured, which was probably hardly the work of a minute, the wolves again threatened to attack the party; and as the destruction of a few, out of so immense a drove as was then assembled, only served to render the survivors more blood-thirsty, the Captain and his friends now turned their sledge bottom up, and took refuge beneath its friendly shelter. In this situation, it is said, they remained for many hours, the wolves in that while making repeated attempts to get at them, by tearing the sledge with their teeth. At length, however, assistance arrived, and they were then, to their great joy, relieved from their most perilous situation.

The following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman of rank attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg: it occurred in Russia some few years ago. A woman, accompanied by three of her children, was one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring.

To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may be more easily conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavored to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.

This gentleman related to me another curious circumstance regarding wolves: it happened at no great distance from St. Petersburg, only two years previously. A peasant, when one day in his sledge, was pursued by eleven of these ferocious animals; at this time he was only about two miles from home, towards which he urged his horse at the very top of his speed. At the entrance to his residence was a gate, which happened to be closed at the time; but the horse dashed this open, and thus himself and his master found refuge within the court-yard. They were followed, however, by nine out of the eleven wolves; but, very fortunately, at the instant these had entered the enclosure, the gate swung back on its hinges, and thus they were caught as in a trap. From being the most voracious of animals, the nature of these beasts, now that they found escape impossible, became completely changed: so far, indeed, from offering molestation to any one, they slunk into holes and corners, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without making any resistance.



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“ THE STATION.”

OF the many writers who have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by the remarkable position which the peasantry of Ireland occupy in the social state, to work up tales and sketches calculated to interest a reading public a thirst for novelty and excitement, we know of no one who has so completely succeeded in deserving to engage the attention of his readers, by the force of the pictures he lays before them, and at the same time in convincing them that he is giving them a real insight into Irish manners, as the author of the “ Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,” just published in Dublin.

These stories are nine in number, and the immediate subjects from which they derive their title are admirably selected for their aptness to the purpose of displaying in an effective light the general prejudices, habits, and manners, of the inhabitants, at least, of the north-western parts of Ireland, as would be judged from those titles themselves, of which the following are the principal:—“ The Irish Wedding,” “ Larry Mac Farland’s Wake,” “ The Battle of the Factions,” “ The Funeral and Party Fight,” “ The Hedge School,” and “ The Station.”

The most amusing, and by no means the least characteristic among them, is the last. It will be objected to by some persons, perhaps, for exhibiting the Catholic clergy in an unfavorable and unfair light. We use the term unfair, not because we doubt the fidelity of the portrait itself—for we are persuaded that, as far as it goes, it is true to the letter. Our own experience, not only in Ireland, but in other Catholic countries, where the changes in the ideas of men which the last half century has brought about, and the circumspection in the conduct of the clergy which has been the consequence, have scarcely penetrated, or at least have had but little influence, enables us to bear witness at least to its probability. We have no

hesitation therefore in accepting the portraits of Father Philemy and Father Con, as real resemblances of individuals; they may be even aggregate examples of a class; but they are not to be received, as there is danger that they may be, in the absence of any picture which exhibits the other and more favorable side, as representations of the body of the clergy.

The Station signifies the coming of the parish priest and his curate to some house in the town land on a day publicly announced from the altar on the preceding Sabbath, in order that those who live within the district in which the Station is held may have an opportunity of *confessing*, or *coming to their duty*, as it is called. The person, at whose house the Station is so appointed to be held, considers himself honored by the distinction, and piques himself on preparing a suitable entertainment for his spiritual director. In the case which the author of the tale chooses to describe, the peasant selected is represented as a man not particularly disposed to prostrate himself, and who had no particular cause for attachment to his priest, by whom, when in poverty, from which he had but recently risen, he had been left neglected and unnoticed. He had the shrewdness, moreover, to see through the character of his *Reverence*; yet was he not on those accounts less proud of the honor done him, or less disposed to do credit to himself by giving him a fitting reception. The whole proceedings, both preparatory to the important day, and during its course,—from the arrival of the curate and the commencement of the shriving operation to the glorious and uproarious conclusion of the festive occasion, are described with a minuteness which defies analysis, but which has too much spirit and evidence of truth ever to become tedious. The following dialogue, at least, will give some insight into the characters

of the principal personages—the priest and his host.

"Hitherto, Father Philemy had not time to bestow any attention on the state of Katty's larder, as he was in the habit of doing, with a view to ascertain the several items contained therein for dinner. But as soon as the breakfast things were removed, and the coast clear, he took a peep into the pantry, and after throwing his eye over its contents, sat down at the fire, making Phaddhy take a seat beside him, for the especial purpose of sounding him as to the practicability of effecting a certain design which was then snugly latent in his Reverence's fancy. The fact was, that on taking the survey of the premises aforesaid, he discovered that, although there was abundance of fowl, and fish, and bacon, and hung-beef—yet, by some unaccountable and disastrous omission, there was neither fresh mutton nor fresh beef. The priest, it must be confessed, was a man of considerable fortitude, but this was a blow for which he was scarcely prepared—particularly as a boiled leg of mutton was one of his favorite joints at dinner. He accordingly took two or three pinches of snuff in rapid succession, and a seat at the fire as I have said, placing Phaddhy, unconscious of his design, immediately beside him. Now, the reader knows that Phaddhy was a man possessing a considerable portion of dry sarcastic humor, along with that natural quickness of penetration and shrewdness for which most of the Irish peasantry are, in a very peculiar degree, remarkable; add to this, that Father Philemy, in consequence of his contemptuous bearing to him before he came in for his brother's property, stood not very high in his estimation. The priest knew this, and consequently felt that the point in question would require to be managed, on his part, with suitable address.

"Phaddhy," says his Reverence, 'sit down here till we chat a little, before I commence the duties of the

day. I'm happy to see that you have such a fine thriving family; how many sons and daughters have you?'

"Six sons, your Reverence," replied Phaddhy, 'and five daughters. Indeed, Sir, they're as well to be seen as their neighbors, considering all things. Poor crathurs, they get fair play\* now, thank God, compared to what they used to get—God rest their poor uncle's soul for that. Only for him, your Reverence, there would be very few inquiring this or any other day about them.'

"Did he die as rich as they said, Phaddy?' inquired his Reverence,

"Hut, Sir," replied Phaddhy, determined to take what he afterwards called a *rise* out of the priest, 'they knew little about it—as rich as they said, Sir! no, but three times as rich, itself: but any how, he was the man that could make the money.'

"I'm very happy to hear it, Phaddy, on your own account and that of your children. God be good to him, —*requiescat animus ejus in pace per omnia secula seculorum, Amen!*—he liked a drop in his time, Phaddy, as well as ourselves, eh?'

"Amen—amen—the heavens be his bed!—he did, poor man! but he had it at first cost, your Reverence; for he *run* it all himself in the mountains: he could afford to take it.'

"Yes, Phaddy, the heavens be his bed, I pray; no Christmas or Easter ever passed, but he was sure to send me the little keg of stuff that never saw water; but, Phaddy, there's one thing that concerns me about him, in regard of his love of drink.—I'm afraid it's a throuble to him where he is at present: and I was sorry to find that, although he died full of money, he didn't think it worth his while to leave even the price of a mass to be said for the benefit of his own soul.'

"Why, sure you know, Father Philemy, that he wasn't what they call a drinking man: once a quarter, or so, he sartinly did take a jorum, and except at these times, he was very

\* By this is meant a liberal allowance.

sober. But God look upon us both, your Reverence—or upon myself, any way; for I haven't your excuse for drinking, seeing I'm no clargy; for if he's to suffer for his doings that a-way, I'm afeard *we'll* have a troublesome reck'ning of it."

"Hem! a-hem!—Phaddhy," replied the priest, "he has raised you and your children from poverty, at all events; and you ought to consider *that*: if there's anything in your power to contribute to the relief of his soul, you have a strong duty upon you to do it; and a number of masses, offered up devoutly, would—"

"Why, he did, Sir, raise both myself and my children from poverty," said Phaddhy, not willing to let that point go farther; "*that* I'll always own to; and I hope in God that whatever little trouble might be upon him for the drop of drink, will be wiped off by his kindness to us."

"He hadn't even a *month's mind*!"

"And it's not but I spoke to him about both, your Reverence."

"And what did he say, Phaddhy?"

"Phaddhy, said he, I have been giving Father McGuirk, one way or other, between whiskey, oats, and dues, a great deal of money every year; and now after I'm dead, says he, isn't it an ungrateful thing of him not to offer up one mass for my sowl except I leave him payment for it?"

"Did he say that, Phaddhy?"

"I'm giving you his very words, your Reverence."

"Phaddhy, I deny it; it's a big lie—he could not make use of such words, and he going to face death. I say you could not listen to them; the hair would stand on your head if he did: but God forgive him; that is the worst I wish him. Did not the hair stand on your head, Phaddhy, to hear him?"

"Why then, to tell your Reverence the blessed truth, I can't say it did."

"You cannot say it did! and I was in your coat, I would be ashamed to say it did not. I was always troubled about the way the fellow died,

but I had not the slightest notion that he went off such a reprobate. I fought his battle and yours hard enough yesterday; but I knew less about him then than I do now."

"And what, wid submission, did you fight our battles about, your Reverence?" inquired Phaddhy.

"Yesterday evening, in Parrah More Slevin's, they had him a miser, and yourself they set down as very little better."

"Then, I don't think I desarved that from Parrah More, any how, Father Philemy; I think I can show myself as dacent as Parrah More or any of his faction."

"It was not Parrah More himself, or his family, that said anything about you, Phaddhy," said the priest, "but others that were present. You must know that we were all to be starved here to-day."

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed Phaddhy, who was hit most palpably upon the weakest side—the very sorest spot about him, "they think bekase this is the first station that ever was held in *my* house, that you won't be thrated as you ought; but they'll be disappointed; and I hope, for so far, that your Reverence and your friends have no rason to complain."

"Not in the least, Phaddhy, considering that it was a first station; and if the dinner goes as well off as the breakfast, they'll be biting their nails: but I should not wish myself that they would have it in their power to sneer or throw any slur over you about it.—Go along, Dolan," exclaimed his Reverence, to a countryman who came in from the street, where those stood who were waiting for confession, to see if he had gone to his room—"Go along, you vagrant; don't you see I'm not gone to the *tribunal* yet?—But it's no matter about that, Phaddhy; it's of other things you ought to think: when were you at your duty?"

"This morning, Sir," replied the other; "and I'd have them to understand, that had the presumption to use my name in any such manner, that I

know when and where to be decent with any mother's son of Parrah More's faction; and *that* I'll be after whispering to them some of these mornings, plase goodness.'

"Well, well, Phaddhy, don't put yourself in a passion about it, particularly so soon after having been at your confession—it's not right—I told them myself, that we'd have a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine at all events, for it was what *they* had; but that's not worth talking about: when were you with the priest before, Phaddhy?"

"If I wasn't able, it would be another thing; but, as long as I'm able, I'll let them know that I have the spirit," said Phaddhy, smarting under the imputation of niggardliness—"when was I at confession before, Father Philemy? Why, then, dear forgive me, not these five years;—and I'd surely be the first of the family that would show a mane spirit, or a want of hospitality."

"A leg of mutton is a good dish, and a bottle of wine is fit for the first man in the land," observed his Reverence—"five years!—why, is it possible you stayed away so long, Phaddhy!—how could you expect to prosper with five years' burden of sin upon your conscience? What would it cost you—"

"Indeed, myself's no judge, your Reverence, as to that; but cost what it will, I'll get both."

"I say, Phaddhy, what trouble would it cost you to come to your duty twice a year at the very least? and, indeed, I would advise you to become a monthly communicant; Parrah More was speaking of it as to himself, and you ought to go—"

"And I will go and bring Parrah More here to his dinner, this very day, if it was only to let him see, with his own eyes—"

"You ought to go once a-month, if it was only to set an example to your children, and to show the neighbors how a man of substance and respectability, and the head of a family, ought to carry himself."

"Where is the best wine got, yer Reverence?"

"Alick McLaughlin, my nephew, I believe, keeps the best wine and spirits in Ballyslantha.—You ought also, Phaddhy, to get a scapular, and become a scapularian; I wish your brother had thought of *that*, and he wouldn't have died in so hardened a state, nor neglected to make a provision for the benefit of his soul, as he did."

"Lave the rest to me, yer Reverence, I'll get it—Mr. McLaughlin will give me the right sort, if he has it betune him and death."

"McLaughlin! what are you talking about?"

"Why, what is yer Reverence talking about?"

"The scapular," said the priest.

"But I mane the wine and the mutton," says Phaddhy.

"And is that the way you treat me, you reprobate you?" replied his Reverence, in a passion: "is that the kind of attention you're paying me, and I advising you, all this time, for the good of your soul? Phaddhy, I tell you, you're enough to vex me to the core. Five years!—only once at confession in five years! What do I care about your mutton and your wine!—you may get dozens of them if you wish; or, maybe, it would be more like a Christian to never mind getting them, and let the neighbors laugh away; it would teach you humility, you hardened creature, and God knows you want it. For my part, I'm speaking to you about other things; but that's the way with the most of you—mention any spiritual subject that concerns your soul, and you turn a deaf ear to it. Here, Dolan, come in to your duty. In the meantime, Phaddhy, you may as well tell Katty not to boil the mutton too much; it's on your knees you ought to be at your rosary, or the seven penitential psalms."

We regret that we cannot present our readers with a specimen of the mode of confession; but as they will feel a curiosity to know how the leg of mutton and the wine turned out, we must find room for the following additional extract:—

" 'Now, Parrah More,' said Phaddhy, 'you must try *my wine*; I hope it's as good as what *you* gave his Reverence yesterday.'

"The words, however, had scarcely passed his lips, when Father Philemy burst out into a fit of laughter, clapping and rubbing his hands in a manner the most astonishing. 'Oh, Phaddhy, Phaddhy!' shouted his Reverence, laughing heartily, 'I *done* you for once—I *done* you, my man, *cute* as you thought yourself: why, you nagur you, did you think to put us off with punch, and you have a stocking of hard guineas hid in a hole in the wall?'

" 'What does yer Reverence mane?' said Phaddhy; 'for myself can make no understanding out of it; at all, at all.'

"To this his Reverence only replied by another laugh.

" 'I gave his Reverence no wine,'

said Parrah More, in reply to Phaddhy's question.

" 'What!' said Phaddhy, 'none yesterday, at the station held with you?'

" 'Not a bit of me ever thought of it.'

" 'Nor no mutton?'

" 'Why, then, not a morsel of mutton, Phaddhy; but we had a rib of beef.'

"Phaddhy now looked over to his Reverence rather sheepishly, with the smile on his face of a man who felt himself foiled. 'Well, your Reverence has *done* me, sure enough,' he replied, rubbing his head—'I give it up to you, Father Philemy; but anyhow, I'm glad I got it, and you're all welcome from the core of my heart. I'm only sorry I haven't as much more now to trate you all like jintlemen; but there's some yet, and as much punch as will make all our heads come round.' "

## FIRST AND LAST.—NO. I.

By Mary Anne Browne.

### THE FIRST AND LAST FLOWER.

FLOWER, earliest flower of Spring!  
Born before thy sisters fling  
From their heads the leafy veil,  
Hiding blossoms fair and pale—  
Born before the changeful sky  
Looks out with its proud blue eye  
('Tis so full of trembling glee)  
For a moment steadily,—  
Daisy floweret! how I love  
To watch thee peeping first above  
The emerald blades of springing grass  
That brighten as the breezes pass.

First fair flower! yet soon arise  
Round thee buds of brighter dyes.  
Who observes thy pensive eye  
Meekly turning to the sky?  
Who would pluck thee, whilst around  
Blossoms gaudier far are found?  
Heed it not: an hour shall come  
When they shall not slight thy bloom;  
Like the meek, retiring mind,  
Wait until the winter wind  
Shall have wither'd leaf and flower;  
Then shall they too feel thy power.

Flower, the latest of the year!  
Wherefore dost thou still appear?  
There thou art, a living gem  
In Winter's frozen diadem!  
On the trampled turf thou art,  
Speaking deeply to the heart;  
Looking sweet, as when was burst  
Thy tiny crimson bud at first.  
Daisy flower! I look on thee  
As something half akin to me;  
Both have seen the roses' birth,  
And both have watch'd them drop to  
earth.

Last dear flower! yet dearer far  
For the thoughts, thou earth-born star,  
That thou awak'st, than for thy bloom,  
Scatter'd thus o'er Nature's tomb:  
'Thou art like the faith that first  
In the young warm heart is nursed,  
Keeping still its hal'ow'd ground,  
Whilst life's joys are young around,  
And blooming out in age, to bring  
The promise of another spring.

## CUSTOMS, &amp;c. IN RIO JANEIRO.

BY DR. WALSH.

THE shopkeepers of Rio are rather repulsive in their address ; and so little disposed to take trouble, that a customer is often induced to leave the shop, by the careless way in which he is treated. They are exceedingly fond of sedentary games of chance, such as cards and draughts, and often engage at them on their counters. I have sometimes gone in at those times to purchase an article, and the people were so interested in their game, that they would not leave it to attend to me and sell their goods. They are, however, honest and correct in their dealings, and bear good moral characters. Their charity is boundless, as appears by the sums expended on different objects by the *irmandades* or brotherhoods which they form. They are, as far as I have heard, generally speaking, good fathers and husbands, and their families are brought up with strictness and propriety. It is pleasing to see them walking out together, the corpulent parents going before, and the children and domestics following in their orders. The women are fond of black, wear no caps, but a black veil is generally thrown over their bare heads, which hangs down below their bosom and back ; and as it is generally worked and spotted, it makes their faces look, at a little distance, as if they were covered with black patches. They always wear silk stockings and shoes, and are particularly neat and careful in the decorations of their feet and legs, which are generally small and well-shaped. The boys of this rank are remarkably obliging ; when I saw anything among them that seemed curious, and I expressed a wish to look at it, they always pressed it on my acceptance with great good nature, and seemed pleased at an opportunity of gratifying me. The Brazilians, in any difficulty or danger, make vows to perform certain acts, in token of their gratitude to

Providence if they are extricated. These vows they religiously keep, and they are sometimes productive of great unhappiness. The *patrona*, or master of a boat, in which I used to cross the bay, was a remarkably good-looking man. He was once overtaken by a storm in the same place, and made a solemn vow, that if he reached the shore, he would marry the first disengaged woman he met. He faithfully kept his word ; connected himself with a person he knew nothing about, who proved to be a vile character, and his domestic comforts are forever embittered. They are not indisposed to hospitality, and they constantly accept invitations from strangers, but seldom ask them in return. This arises from the exceeding deficiency of their domestic economy. A Brazilian never keeps a store of anything in his house ; but even those of the highest rank send to a neighboring *venda* for whatever they want, in the smallest quantities, and only when they want it. They never purchase more at a time than a pint of wine, or a few ounces of sugar, or coffee : and this, they say, is, because if they laid in a store, it would be impossible to prevent their slaves from getting at, and consuming it. When the slave goes for the article, he takes up anything he can lay his hand on to carry it in. I have often seen one of them returning from a *venda* with a china tureen full of charcoal under his arm, and a silver cup on his head, holding a few loose candles. Some trades are associated in a manner seemingly as incongruous. On many shops you see written *vidros e xa*, glass and tea ; intimating that the shopkeeper is both a glazier and a grocer. Some, however, are latterly approximating to a more natural association, and have added china to their glass, and so sell both tea and tea-cups. The avocations of barbers are also very various.



They vend and prepare tortoise-shell to make combs. They bleed and draw teeth as usual; and so far are only employed in business connected with their calling as barber-surgeons. But besides that, they exclusively mend silk stockings, and are remarkable for the neatness which they sole and vamp them. I never passed a barber's shop, that I did not see him, when not otherwise engaged, with a black silk stocking drawn on one arm, and his other employed in mending it. They are, besides, the musicians of the country, and are hired also to play at church doors during festivals. All the persons who compose the bands on these occasions are barbers. Over the middle of every shop is an arch, on which are suspended the different articles for sale. In a barber's shop, the arch is always hung round with musical instruments. This association of trades was formerly the usage in England, when the lute and cithern were always found in a barber's shop, to amuse the customers of better condition who came to be trimmed, as they are now presented with a newspaper; or sometimes to alleviate the pains of a wound, which the barber, in his avocation of surgeon, was probing or dressing. But the remains of those customs, which have entirely

disappeared in Europe, still linger in America among the descendants of those who originally brought them over. It is highly creditable to the citizens of Rio, that no native beggars are ever seen in their streets. The only persons of this class I ever was accosted by were foreign sailors, particularly English and North Americans, who often attacked me, complaining rudely that they were out of employment. They had all the appearance of being worthless, intemperate fellows, whose poverty was their own fault. All the natives in distress are fed and clothed by the different *irmandades* of citizens, or by the convents; and it is a pleasing sight to see the steps of religious edifices filled, at stated times, with poor people disabled by age or infirmity, and the good Samaritans walking among them, distributing food and raiment as they require them. It is also much to be commended, that no women of bad character are ever seen in the streets, either by day or night, so as to be known as such. The decency and decorum of this large town, in this respect, is particularly striking to those who have been accustomed to the awful display of licentiousness which besets them in the streets and public places of Paris and London.

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#### A LETTER FROM LONDON.

*Wednesday, April 7, 1830.*

WHEN people have little to think about or talk about, it is but natural that they should drink a bout or walk about. The cure is worse than the distemper; more especially when one has a very heavy troublesome purse. In dilemmas of this kind, the Bazaars may surely be reckoned a most providential invention. Exhibitions of paintings, &c. are all well enough; so are lounges in the back-shops of Colnaghi, Graves, and a few of the other print publishers, where you may hear dissertations (*à la voce*) on the fine arts, which would put to shame

the shade of Sir Joshua, not to mention the living fabric of Phillips. After all, there is nothing like a coffee room or an exhibition room for your regular talkers. But what man (or woman) of sense will run the risk of coming in contact with the whirlpool-mouths of such "private lecturers?" They must, to avoid such perilous personages, betake themselves to the streets or the bazaars; and often—often have we in our misery during good weather found the efficacy of either. We are not precisely certain how many of these covered streets are already in existence—we know of about half-a-

dozen. We happened to lounge for half an hour in the Oxford Street bazaar the other day, chiefly because it happened to be a novelty. Not long ago the concern was reduced to ashes ; it is now rebuilt, and presents as varied and lively a scene as we ever witnessed under the same circumstances. The number of stalls and pretty stall-keepers is considerable, and the variety of articles which tempt the purse is out of all conception. Every taste may find something to excite a purchase ; and were it only for the sake of the pretty girls, we think the beaux are called upon to display their gallantry in that most enticing of forms—hard cash. The western Bazaar, in the very sanctum of gentility, Bond Street, is most brilliantly thronged ; and we should think the fair merchants are well rewarded for their toil and trouble. It is but proper, and in the best of tastes, that young women should alone be the sellers of these fashionable wares ; if Bazaars were haunted by smirking shopkeepers, we verily believe the whole matter would blow to air like a soap-bubble. Then there is Regent Street (distinguished as the Macadamized), where one may have the pleasure (query) of seeing the Duke of Wellington take his ride, or probably you may have the chuckling satisfaction to observe him surrounded by a rabble of little urchins who are sure to haunt his skirts, and even pull them, when he attempts to perpetrate the plain pedestrian. It would be vain to endeavor to describe the state of Regent Street on a fine day at about four o'clock, when the whole world take it into their heads to drive hither in cab or coach, or on horse-back. The street is utterly impassable ; and it is not in the power of whip or thong to force a movement. It is a complete stand still, till gradually the vehicles are allowed to extricate themselves. The British Museum may be conveniently resorted to ; and if a person chances to understand ancient inscriptions, or has a liking for the *lusi naturæ*, or the *lusi artis*, he will find himself so much the more at home.

A contest of a somewhat interesting character is at present raging in the literary world. It is the talk of all circles, the moot-point of every conversazione. Tom Moore is the sinner, though he asserts that he is "more sinned against than sinning." Tom Campbell is the flagellator, though it is hinted that he has taken up the cudgels against both Byron and Moore, because he thinks that in some parts of the Irish Minstrel's book he has been somewhat scurvily treated. What degree of truth there is in such a report can be known only to Tom's own conscience. But the main thing which he wishes to establish is, the unspotted virtue and disposition of Lady Byron. Moore was certainly right when he thought that Byron was ill-matched. Miss Millbanke was a precisean—he was a rake. Byron's wife ought to have been a creature of passive flesh and blood, with mind and intellect, not upon her tongue, but in her eye. At least this is the *belle ideale* of his imagination. Again, Campbell himself is right, when he observes that Moore has *canted*, contrary to the dictates of common sense, in his palaver respecting Byron's morals. The whole question seems to resolve itself within the compass of a nut-shell, and it is this : Byron did wrong in marrying ; so did Miss Millbanke ;—Moore did wrong in attempting to vindicate either of the parties ; Campbell has done wrong in mixing up his name or his lucubrations with the discussion. The whole party seem to have gone wrong ; and a person may as well attempt to discover the truth amidst such a multiplicity of motives, as to square the circle, or invent a perpetual motion more lasting than a woman's tongue. It would be better for all parties if eternal silence were at once thrown around this "miserable piece of business."

By the bye, in regard to Mr. Campbell, it has been rumored that he is about to sacrifice at the altar of Hymen. We do not know what truth there is in the report. The lady who has fixed his affections is said to be Miss Crumpe, well known as the au-

thoress of some pretty poetry which has been set to music. We repeat that we know nothing of such private matters; but if the *on dit* be true, the poet is a lucky man, and will no doubt one day or other sing to the tune of

"Crumpity, crumpity, Crumpe."

Talking of Mr. Campbell leads us to mention that there have been some farther *disagremens* at the Literary Union. The thing is common talk. It would appear that the body of the society and the committee are at open war upon the subject of the admission of members, and other formula-ries. We do not intend to render ourselves odious by repudiating individuals. But it certainly strikes us that there must be something under all this—the remote cause of dissension. If so, the sensible part of the society ought, in lawyer phrase, "to take steps;" and some have even gone so far as to hint at a division. There are many most respectable members; and it is a pity that they should be forced to blush for their connexion, through the stupidity or arrogance of others. A word to the wise.

The Italian Opera closed on Saturday evening, after a most unproductive and unprofitable season. The house was well attended—all the fashionables were present. Rossini's

"La Gazza Laddra," and the new ballet, were the entertainments; and, of course, they presented nothing of novelty. We trust that Laporte will be better prepared when he re-opens; such another season will effectually extinguish him. The Adelphi, too, has closed for a while; but it will open shortly with Charles Mathews. The Easter holidays have as usual put the brains of managers in a ferment; and we have heard that the novelties at the great houses will be particularly splendid. The French company have hardly succeeded so well as they expected at the Haymarket. Potier leaves immediately. A new musical establishment, called the Panharmonion, has been a short while in flower under the sunshine of Signor Lauza's countenance, the same who tutored Miss Stephens. His theatre is small, and his performers of no great pretension; but as they are merely pupils, allowances must be made in their favor.

A new edition of Robert Montgomery's "Satan" has just appeared. He has had the good luck to receive a castigation from almost every magazine in existence, including the Westminster Review. One thing is clear, however, his books have sold; and he got six hundred pounds for his last volume.

### THE MARMOSET.

MANY ingenious publications have at various times proceeded from the pen of eminent writers on that singular class of animals, whose conformation, mental and physical, is so naturally calculated to humble human pretensions, and to moderate those lofty ideas of self-importance, which vanity is so apt to excite, particularly in the higher walks of human life. I say the higher walks, not because I am not ready to do justice to the superior acquirements which eminently distinguish that portion of the titled and the affluent, who, mindful of the advantages of birth,

have sedulously improved the *ten talents* with which they have been entrusted,—but because many, so circumstanced, deem it unnecessary to cultivate their minds by a laborious course of severe study, under the fascinating, but delusive idea, that, as times go, and in the common acceptance of the fashionable world, "*WEALTH is everything!*" But to return to my subject. Notwithstanding the positions advanced by the great French naturalist, and the elaborate disquisitions of La Brosse, Schouten, and others, whose works have immor-

talized their names, I flatter myself that many of your intelligent readers will readily accede to my theory, when I maintain that the human race does not really constitute one uniform indivisible genus, but that it diverges and branches forth into a variety of species, comprehending a considerable diversity of animals, originally, constitutionally, corporeally, and intellectually dissimilar, yet generally concordant and homogeneous.

In like manner, the monkey, ape, and baboon genera are extremely different in form and action, yet universally homologous. Whilst they exhibit a more evident multiformity than man, as to construction and magnitude, like man the whole race are endowed with many peculiar characteristics. It is true, they are not gifted, at least humanly and articulately speaking, with the faculty of speech; but they certainly fall not far short of their proud rivals in the faculty of grinning! I mean that broad, unmeaning, empty grin, so expressive of fatuity! But besides the power of grinning, common to men and to monkeys, there are many other peculiarities exclusively inherent in the two races. Indeed, the parallel is very striking and wonderful. They are gregarious, or social creatures. They are bipedaneous; nor has any other animal been as yet discovered, in the old or new world, who can dispute that singular prerogative with them. The structure of the teeth, the formation of the cranium, the mechanism of the dorsal process, the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, and curious digitated articulation; the pensive air, the unmeaning gravity, the sagacious stare; the nice sense of honor, or impatience under imaginary insults and injuries; the cunning, deceitful, thievish propensity, flowing remotely from the great principle of self-preservation; ingenuity, curiosity, and avidity after spirituous liquors,—in short, view them at every point, and the analogy, affinity, and similitude, are most mortifyingly conspicuous. The ourang-outang is swift, strong, and, in all phy-

sical bearings, confessedly superior to man. He is intrepid, and goes generally armed with a thick club for defensive and offensive operation. That in the immense island of Borneo they have their laws, government, and polity, and, no doubt, their language, is a fact which the Dutch no longer hold problematical.

The head of the ourang, like the head of man, presents to the astonished contemplation of the scientific phrenologist its eighty-three organs, all more or less capable of development!—and on his expressive countenance, the penetrating Lavater could discern more intellect than on many countenances commonly called human!

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,  
Os homini, cercopithecoque dedit.

Between an ourang-outang and a Newton, the distance is indeed immense; but is there no difference then between a Newton and a brutal Andaman?—and between a well-educated civilized ourang (such as I saw at Calcutta, and whom I really mistook for a Bramin, as he sat at table with his European master, dressed in the costume of India), and a ferocious disgusting cannibal, the distance vanishes, and the ourang, I will not say approximates, but surpasses his inflated protoplast. But even here, *reason*, however debased, or unexcited and dormant it may be in the savage—the “*mentis capacious altæ*,” the distinguishing stamp and attribute of man, asserts its immortal prerogative, and draws the line, beyond which not even the ourang, with all his boasted similitude, erect position, and approximation, can possibly go; like the gulf that separated Lazarus from Dives, it is indeed impassable; or, at all events, *we* are pleased to account it impassable;—for where is the man who will allow monkeys a particle of reason?

And yet monkeys, the very least of them, are possessed of a something, the which, if it is not reason, is at least an *instinctive undescribable power*, bordering closely upon it. I will conclude this dissertation upon the com-

parative excellence of men and monkeys, by the following trivial incident :—

On my return from the West Indies some years ago, during a sudden gale off the Floridas, a cage suspended over the hatchway, in which a sailor kept a favorite marmoset, happened to be violently thrown down, by which accident the little creature's arm received a compound fracture. After the squall and confusion had abated, the honest tar brought the little animal aft to the medicine-chest, and earnestly requested the good-humored son of Æsculapius to examine him. The surgeon, with much kind feeling, very tenderly went through the operation of setting the bone, and after dressing and bandaging, a sling was fixed round his neck *secundum artem*, and the limb carefully suspended. The marmoset attended with great punctuality every morning at the chest, and the surgeon went regularly through the motions of dressing the broken arm. After two or three weeks the monkey was well, and the bandage taken off. But to the end of the voyage, he continued to hold his arm to his side, nor did he once attempt to use it without extreme caution. His gratitude to his benefactor knew no bounds ;—he seldom quitted him during his walks on the quarter deck ; when reading in his cabin, he would often slide in and sit close by his side ;—and when the surgeon left the ship, the little creature moaned and lamented like a child. So much for gratitude in monkeys !

Nor are monkeys merely capable of gratitude ; their attachment to their young has been eulogized in very high

terms : and of their surprising capacity and imitative powers innumerable and well-authenticated testimonies might be adduced. The ourang lately exhibited at Ghazepore, Benares, and all the upper settlements on the Ganges, by those noted Hindus, Rhoop Chaund and Meetah Dhood, has been the object of general admiration. This animal was caught in Borneo when very young—purchased by the master of a country ship, and after making the tour of the Archipelago, was brought to Chandernaguo and sold to a French merchant, in whose family he received the rudiments of a modern polite education. Dress and finery were his delight—he would waltz, and dance a quadrille, with a grace and gentility truly enviable. He made no progress in the fashionable accomplishment of swearing ; but he would toss off his glass, and whiff his cigar with an air that did honor to his instructors, and excited the jealousy of half the *haut ton* who came to witness his accomplishments. He was rather partial to riding, and latterly was as good a shot as many a cockney sportsman who consumes his time and money in popping at tom-tits and sparrows ! His manner of laughing set all Chesterfield's principles at defiance—it was loud, modish, and *comme il faut* ; he had a trick of showing his very grinders when he grinned ; extremely fond of admiring his person in the glass ; and he would spend hours in oiling and curling his moustaches, and trimming his sidelocks and whiskers ! He was never without perfumes in his handkerchief, took snuff, and picked his teeth with an air of ton.

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#### AN ANALYSIS OF PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE ; in its ordinary and literal sense, is *prejudging* any question without having sufficiently examined it, and adhering to our opinion upon it through ignorance, malice, or perversity, in spite of every evidence to the

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contrary. The little that we know has a strong alloy of misgiving and uncertainty in it : the mass of things of which we have no means of judging, but of which we form a blind and confident opinion as if we were thorough-

ly acquainted with them, is monstrous. Prejudice is the child of ignorance ; for as our actual knowledge falls short of our desire to know, or curiosity and interest in, the world about us, so must we be tempted to decide upon a great number of things at a venture ; and, having no check from reason or inquiry, we shall grow more obstinate and bigoted in our conclusions according as they have been rash and presumptuous. The absence of proof, instead of suspending our judgments, only gives us an opportunity to make things out according to our wishes and fancies ; mere ignorance is a blank canvass on which we lay what colors we please, and paint objects black or white, as angels or devils, magnifying or diminishing them at our option ; and in the vacuum either of facts or arguments, the weight of prejudice and passion falls with double force, and bears down everything before it. If we enlarge the circle of our previous knowledge ever so little, we may meet with something to create doubt and difficulty ; but as long as we remain confined to the cell of our native ignorance, while we know nothing beyond the routine of sense and custom, we shall refer everything to that standard, or make it out as we would have it to be, like spoiled children who have never been from home, and expect to find nothing in the world that does not accord with their wishes and notions. It is evident, that the fewer things we know, the more ready we shall be to pronounce upon, and condemn, what is new and strange to us ; that is, the less capable we shall be of varying our conceptions, and the more prone to mistake a part for the whole. What we do not understand the meaning of must necessarily appear to us ridiculous and contemptible ; and we do not stop to inquire, till we have been taught by repeated experiments and warnings of our own fallibility, whether the absurdity is in ourselves or in the object of our dislike and scorn. The most ignorant people are rude and insolent, as the most barbarous are cruel and ferocious. All our

knowledge at first lying in a narrow compass (bounded by local and physical causes) whatever does not conform to this shocks us out of reason and nature. The less we look abroad, the more our ideas are introverted ; and our habitual impressions, from being made up of a few particulars always repeated, grow together into a kind of concrete substance, which will not bear taking to pieces, and where the smallest deviation destroys the whole feeling. Thus the difference of color in a black man was thought to forfeit his title to belong to the species, till books of voyages and travels, and old Fuller's quaint expression of " God's image carved in ebony," have brought the two ideas into a forced union, and Mr. Murray no longer libels men of color with impunity. The word *republic* has a harsh and incongruous sound to ears bred under a constitutional monarchy ; and we strove hard for many years to overturn the French republic, merely because we could not reconcile it to ourselves that such a thing should exist at all, notwithstanding the examples of Holland, Switzerland, and many others. This term has hardly yet performed quarantine : to the loyal and monarchical it has an ugly taint in it, and is scarcely fit to be mentioned in good company. If, however, we are weaned by degrees from our prejudices against certain words that shock opinion, this is not the case with all ; for those that offend good manners grow more offensive with the progress of refinement and civilization, so that no writer now dare venture upon expressions that unwittingly disfigure the pages of our elder writers, and in this respect, instead of becoming callous or indifferent, we appear to become more fastidious every day. There is then a real grossness which does not depend on familiarity or custom. This account of the concrete nature of prejudice, or of the manner in which our ideas by habit and the dearth of general information coalesce together into one indissoluble form, will show (what otherwise seems unaccountable) how



such violent antipathies and animosities have been occasioned by the most ridiculous or trifling differences of opinion, or outward symbols of it; for, by constant custom and the want of reflection, the most insignificant of these was as inseparably bound up with the main principle as the most important, and to give up any part was to give up the whole essence and vital interests of religion, morals, and government. Hence we see all sects and parties mutually insist on their own technical distinctions as the essentials and fundamentals of religion, and politics, and, for the slightest variation in any of these, uncere- moniously attack their opponents as atheists and blasphemers, traitors and incendiaries. In fact, these minor points are laid hold of in preference, as being more obvious and tangible, and as leaving more room for the exercise of prejudice and passion. Another thing that makes our prejudices rancorous and inveterate, is, that as they are taken up without reason, they seem to be *self-evident*; and we thence conclude, that they not only are so to ourselves, but must be so to others, so that their differing from us is wilful, hypocritical, and malicious. The Inquisition never pretended to punish its victims for being heretics or infidels, but for avowing opinions with their eyes open which they knew to be false. That is, the whole of the Catholic faith, "that one entire and perfect chrysolite," appeared to them so completely without flaw and blameless, that they could not conceive how any one else could imagine it to be otherwise, except from stubbornness and contumacy, and would rather admit (to avoid so improbable a suggestion) that men went to the stake for an opinion, not which they held, but counterfeited, and were content to be burnt for the pleasure of playing the hypocrite. Nor is it wonderful that there should be so much repugnance

to admit the existence of a serious doubt in matters of such vital and eternal interest, and on which the whole fabric of the church hinged, since the first doubt that was expressed on any single point drew all the rest after it; and the first person who started a conscientious scruple, and claimed *the trial by reason*, threw down, as by magic spell, the strong holds of bigotry and superstition, and transferred the termination of the issue from the blind tribunal of prejudice and implicit faith to a totally different ground, the fair and open field of argument and inquiry. On this ground a single champion is a match for thousands. The decision of the majority is not here enough: unanimity is absolutely necessary to infallibility; for the only secure plea on which such a preposterous pretension could be set up is, by taking it for granted that there can be no possible doubt entertained upon the subject, and by diverting men's minds from ever asking themselves the question of the truth of certain dogmas and mysteries, any more than *whether two and two make four?* Prejudice in short is egotism: we see a part, and substitute it for the whole; a thing strikes us casually and by halves, and we would have the universe stand proxy for our decision, in order to rivet it more firmly in our own belief; however insufficient or sinister the grounds of our opinions, we would persuade ourselves that they arise out of the strongest conviction, and are entitled to unqualified approbation; slaves of our own prejudices, caprice, ignorance, we would be lords of the understandings and reasons of others; and (strange insatiation!) taking up an opinion solely from our own narrow and partial point of view, without consulting the feelings of others or the reason of things, we are still uneasy if all the world do not come into our way of thinking.

## THE ABORIGINES OF NOVA SCOTIA

THE lengthened descriptions we have read in the volumes of the historians of these countries, and the romantic narratives corroborating those descriptions, that have interlined the pages of almost every modern traveller, and have afforded a prolific subject for the high coloring of the American novelist, induce an interest in the native children of the forest, which survives the fall of all those expectations that must ensue upon a comparison of the past with the present state of the Indian tribes generally, and more especially of the tribe at present existing in this province. Who is there that, after observing in the tales of Indian lore, instances of fortitude, throwing into the shade that of Mutius Scævola;—of devoted patriotism, rivaling that of Leonidas;—of heroism, surpassing both in enthusiastic valor and in misfortune the deeds of a Kosciusko,—can land in the soil where once these cultivators of the sterner virtues roamed in the freedom of undisturbed possession, without a mingled feeling of reverence, of curiosity, and of admiration for their posterity! How miserably are all these ideas leveled with the dust, at first sight of the abject beings who loiter about the wharves, or infest the barbers' shops of Halifax,—meagre, squalid, dirty in person and in habit,—clothed in filthy rags or tattered blankets, and too often reeling half stupefied under the effect of ardent spirits. Yet still, I have frequently observed about these Indians that which I could not refrain from deploring as the last faint traces of their former grandeur. Many of them are of stature above the common height; of step firm and undaunted; a form thin, yet discovering a bone and muscular action that bespeak powerful energy on excitement. Their dark piercing eye, lank black hair floating over the shoulders, and complexion of tarnished copper, mark them to the European as sons of an

aboriginal race; while their blue cloth surtout, edged at the seams with stripes of red, open at the neck, closely fitted to the body, and belted round the waist, their leggins of the same material, and seal-skin or stuff cap, or a common hat, although somewhat out of character, still do not destroy the picture, and form a costume which is far from unbecoming. Would that there could be traced in them any certain relics of the lofty character that once swelled proudly within the breast of every warrior, and empowered the weakness of human nature to triumph even over agony and death; but, with the change of physical habit, which their gradual association with Europeans has produced, the bold and independent spirit of the natural lord of the soil appears to have become merged in apathetic indifference, and the fire of the warrior to have subsided into the inoffensive and peaceful demeanor of a weak dependent, content to live under the equal protection of the laws, and to seek, amid those wilds where the woodman's axe is yet unheard, the means of indulging the still savage habits from which every effort has hitherto failed to wean him.

The tribe to which the Indians of Nova Scotia belong is called the Micmac, once among the most numerous, but never, I believe, held in particular estimation for warlike courage. The Bæothic or Red Indians of Newfoundland are supposed to be a branch of the same family. The number of those who may be termed residents in Nova Scotia is not easily ascertained. They themselves will tell you in conversation, "suppose 'em thousand;" less than half this number may probably be stated as the true amount of their male population; and their numbers are gradually diminishing. They all profess the Romish creed—the first converts having been made by the Jesuits when the French were in possession of the country; and many

of them have been so far instructed by their priests as to be capable of reading the forms of prayer in their own language. A few individuals among them possess farms, and have submitted to the first approaches of civilized life, as a measure of stern necessity. "White man," I have heard them say, "settle this side, that side, everywhere. Indian no see moose, caraboo; Indian no like 'em starve—force 'em go farm." These farms are but poor, and chiefly for live stock, of which I have known eight or ten head belonging to one proprietor; but their natural inheritance is not to be thrown off by mere dint of reasoning; and far more time is passed by these Indian farmers over the brook, or in ranging the woods, than in attending to the farm. The greater part live a wandering life, similar to that of our gypsies, frequenting the neighborhood of the towns in summer time, when the smoke of a dozen wigwams curling over the shrubbery of some sheltered cove marks the abode of as many families, from the month of May till November. In each of these parties is one Indian generally of age and experience, to whom the

rest submit, in a manner most nearly resembling the patriarchal form; but the authority is exercised and the obedience given without much rigor on either side.

I am not aware that any one Indian claims authority over the whole Micmac tribe; there is certainly no one chief to whom obedience is acknowledged. The Indians are included as subjects, under the common protection of the laws; but it is very rarely that any cases respecting them appear before the bar, their petty differences being arbitrated by their respective leaders. Their wigwams are simply a few poles placed upright, in the form of a sugar-loaf, and bound together at the top, over which a few sheets of birch bark are laid, so as to render them impenetrable to rain. The men employ themselves in fishing chiefly with the spear, and in shooting. The Squaws sit for hours and days, in their smoky wigwams, making baskets, or ornamental trifles, generally a sort of Mosaic work, in moose hair or quills of the Nova Scotian porcupine, stained of various colors, and worked upon a shell of birch bark.

### THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

#### PARISIAN BALL DRESS.

ONE of the most elegant ball dresses we have lately seen consists of a rose-colored watered silk; a deep blond frill round the corsage, and sleeves *à la Donna Marie*; the frill raised and fastened in the middle of the bosom by an agraffe of diamonds; no trimming above the hem; hair dressed with a bandeau of diamonds across the front; bands of hair placed low on the back of the head; ornaments of diamonds in the form of sheaves, *à la Ceres*, complete this entirely Greek coiffure.

Robes of velvet, black or rose color, with sleeves of blond, very full and gathered at the wrist, are much worn. Most dresses are trimmed at the waist and sleeves with blond; that on the shoulders falls below the

elbow, and is raised and fastened on the arm inside with knots of ribbon or a diamond; ceintures fastened at the side; ends floating to the bottom of the dress, and finished with fringe. Waists continue to be worn long, and very closely fitted. Sleeves small at the wrist, and extremely large at the top. Hats partly raised, in such a manner as to show great part of the hair in front, are worn; the hair arranged in two bands, to which is sometimes added a jeweled bandeau. We have observed plumes of two shades, such as a deep green and a pale green, placed on a hat of green satin. Hats of Italian straw are of a diminished size this spring, and, as well as those of the rice straw, are in general favor.

## LONDON HATS AND BONNETS.

The return of spring is announced by green for hats, bonnets, &c., which is associated or made up with white. We have seen some white clouded *gros de Naples*, lined with delicate green; green ribbons have, in the middle, a wreath embroidered in white. Some carriage hats are of emerald green *gros des Indes*, or watered *gros de Naples*; they are trimmed with ribbons and feathers of a different shade of green. Velvet hats are still worn by many *élégantes*. The most novel are those of green velvet, lined with granite satin, and ornamented with a bouquet of short feathers, half green and half granite.

We have already seen some beautiful Spring hats and bonnets of changeable *gros de Naples*, rose color and white, or blue and white. There are also some of citron colored *gros de Naples*, lined with the same. These head dresses are not only novel, but singularly elegant and becoming.

## LONDON OUT-DOOR COSTUME.

A few Spring mantles of emerald green *gros des Indes* have been made for ladies of high fashion; they are not so wide as those worn in the winter. The pelerines are excessively large, and quite square; they are bordered with an uncommonly rich and deep fringe; there are different shades of green in the fringe. A new and elegant wrap for evening parties is a mantle of figured *gros de Naples*; the ground is light blue, with white flow-ers. The pelerine is excessively large, and bordered with blue fringe. A very elegant carriage pelisse is of changeable *gros de Naples*, citron and white; the collar and lapelles are lined with the same. The collar is very open on the bosom, and extends much more over the shoulders than the lapelles; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with black blond lace, and the pelisse fastens up the front with *nauds*, the ends of which are trimmed with blond lace.

## THE GATHERER.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,  
I gather."

## MILITARY FORCE OF CHINA.

I HAVE been told that the whole military force of the empire is upwards of a million of men. This may be true; but I will answer for it there never existed an army of the same numerical force, so feeble, so little adequate to the defence of the country, or so perfectly ignorant of the art of war. In the province of Fokien, civil wars have occurred between two powerful clans, which the military were unable to quell. Indeed, they never attempt it, when eight or ten thousand men of a side meet to decide some family quarrel. They look calmly on until the affair has had its bloody issue, when they intrigue with the stronger party to deliver over for trial some of those whom they have conquered. The governor then despatches a flam-

ing account to Peking, relating the victory obtained over the rebels; and asks permission to cut off the heads of the prisoners. On receiving an answer (always in favor of cutting off heads), these poor wretches suffer punishment, and there ends the affair.

## BISHOP PRETTYMAN AND TOMLINE.

Mr. Tomline, an old gentleman who had resided some years abroad, and had amassed a very large fortune, on his return to England resolved to conceal his wealth, and visit all his former friends as a man comparatively poor. By all of them he was received with coldness,—he was an old man, and they did not wish to be troubled either with his society or his infirmities. After meeting with this heartless reception from all those who had,

in former times, been enthusiastic in their professions of friendship, he called on Dr. Prettyman, then Bishop of Lincoln (afterwards of Winchester), at Bukden Palace. The Bishop was in London, but Mrs. Prettyman received him with all the warmth of friendship, and insisted on his remaining at the Palace until the return of the Bishop. In a few days Dr. Prettyman returned, and was as delighted to see Mr. Tomline as the latter was charmed at finding there was one family in the world whose hearts were in the right place. Dr. Prettyman would not hear of Mr. Tomline's departure so early as he proposed going, and for more than a fortnight the old gentleman was entertained with genuine hospitality. The amiable conduct of the Bishop and his family towards an old friend, from whom they had no expectations, and of whose wealth they were ignorant, did not lose its effect on the heart of Mr. Tomline, who was paying a farewell visit to all his former connexions. He quitted his real friends with the most hearty good wishes for their welfare, and for about two months nothing more was heard of or from Mr. Tomline. About that period, however, a stranger made his appearance at the episcopal residence, and requested a private audience of the Bishop. He was shown into the study, and when the prelate appeared, he said, "My Lord, I come to inform you that your old friend Mr. Tomline is dead." "Indeed!" returned Dr. Prettyman, with great feeling, "I am sorry to hear it: I respected him very much." "And so did he you, my Lord, as you and your family will find, for he has left his entire fortune at your disposal." He then informed him of the cause of this unexpected and splendid bequest, for Mr. Tomline had left everything he possessed to him, in consequence of his being the only one, among his circle of acquaintance, who had the liberality to notice and protect an old man, who was not supposed to be rich.

## CHINESE DANDIES.

Many persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken; few countries possess more of these worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit-maitre* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high-priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth pick, hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with *chulan* flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable.

## CRISPIN A CONNOISSEUR!

At Milan, there lives a boot-maker, possessor of a "Gallery of Sculpture, Paintings and Engravings," which contains choice specimens of many of the most eminent masters, not only of the Italian Schools, but, what is rare in Italy, of the Flemish, and also several productions of the best chisels. The name of this tasteful son of Crispin is Ronchetti; and I can assure you (says a correspondent in Galligiani's Messenger), by my own experience, his zeal as a Mæcenas has not prejudiced his skill as a professor of the "last." On the contrary, I never in my life was so well fitted, while the materials and workmanship

are admirable. His habit is to prepare only one boot at first, to try, and there is an anecdote of Napoleon and him, arising out of this custom. The Emperor, when at Milan, hearing of the famous boot-maker, ordered a supply. Ronchetti, according to custom, came in a day or two with one boot to try on. The Emperor was in Council, and the fitter of his UNDERSTANDING had to wait two hours, until his patience was wholly exhausted. "I leave the boot," said he to the servant in waiting, "and His Majesty may try it at his leisure." It fitted to perfection, but never could the Italian Hobby be prevailed upon to make a fellow to it. The Emperor alternately menaced and cajoled, but the man of leather was proof against both. We wonder never to have seen this singular and ingenious person named by tourists in Italy—he is quite a lion in his way. His conversation is interesting and piquant with anecdotes of the Arts, and eminent personages whom he has seen in his double capacity of connoisseur and artist.

#### A NEW ORGAN FOR THE PHRENOLOGISTS.

There are many men who cannot hold their tongues; and the very charge of loquacity, which is even to a proverb brought against women, is brought by these men who would fain gabble everlastingly. They are like the great fat priest in the play, who rebukes the lean, hungry brother for gnawing a dry crust, and says, "You eat, and you drink, and you gormandize." It is wrong for any Englishman, and altogether a species of moral treason, to quote with approbation the sneering remark of the Frenchman, who said of Hume, that he had great talent for silence. The remark was intended for a sneer, but it is veritably a compliment. There are myriads of the human race who cannot be quiet—who are afflicted with a grievous incontinence of prate. Their tongues must and will go. If one of these meet you in a street, he is not contented with a sober *How d'ye do?*

Pretty well, thank you; but splash comes a whole torrent of words as soon as he catches your eye, and you are sure to hear him till he is fairly out of sight. He may be talking then, for anything you know to the contrary. In fact, you cannot form an idea of him as not talking; for you have never seen him but you have at the same time heard him. You cannot say of such an one, that you know him by sight; you know him much better by sound. The phrenologists have not, I believe, in their enumeration of organs, hit upon one called the organ of Chatterboxativeness. If they were to look for it, there is no doubt they would find it; for they are not much in the habit of missing anything that they look for.

#### CRÉBILLON.

I know nothing more characteristic of the strange mixture of levity and daring that we sometimes find in the French character, than Crébillon's answer to the observation, that his tragedies turned too much upon fierce and fiendish passions. "What was I to do!" said he, "Corneille had taken the heavens, and Racine the earth; I had nothing left me but the infernal regions."

#### BOSSUET.

The expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the *Iliad* open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me, when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp at the sun!"

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*In the Press.*—The Aphorisms of Hippocrates: with a Free Version and Notes—Gregory's *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*, to be published in Numbers—A second volume of the *British Naturalist*—A new edition of the *Stories of Popular Travels in South America*—Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected—A Disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map; and Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getæ, and Sarmatians, from the German of Niebuhr.